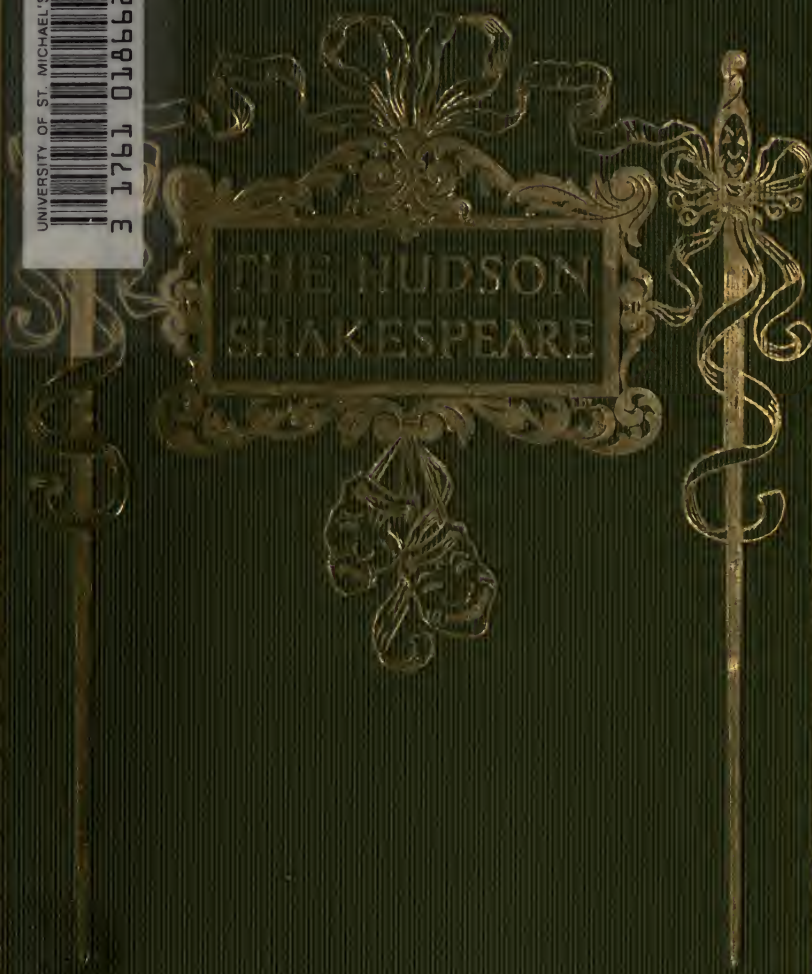



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THE HUDSON
SHAKESPEARE





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John Wilson
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Lav. —— "Ah, beastly creature !
The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall" ——

Chi. "Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring
thou her husband ;"

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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Harvard Edition.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XIII.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

MENTIONED as one of Shakespeare's plays, by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, and printed in 1600, but without the author's name; while the title-page asserts it to have been played sundry times by the Servants of the Earl of Pembroke, of the Earl of Derby, of the Earl of Sussex, and of the Lord Chamberlain. The same text was issued again in 1611, also without the author's name, but "as it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants." What had previously been known as "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants" received the title of "His Majesty's Servants" soon after the accession of King James to the English throne, in 1603. This was the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and for which most, if not all, of his plays were written. The play was also included in the folio collection set forth by Heminge and Con-dell in 1623; but with one entire scene, the second in Act iii., not given in the quarto editions.

Though no earlier edition than that of 1600 is now known to exist, it is altogether probable that the play was printed in 1594; as the Stationers' Register has the following entry, dated February 6th of that year: "A book entitled a noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus." The entry was made by John Danter, and undoubtedly refers to the play which has come down to us as Shakespeare's. And Langbaine, in his *Account of English Dramatic Poets*, published in 1691, speaks of an edition of that date. That there were copies of such an edition know to Langbaine, only ninety-seven years after the alleged date, and now lost, might well be, as it is said that only two copies of the quarto of 1600 are now known to be extant.

As regards the date of the composition, we have still further notice in the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, which

was written in 1614: "He that will swear, *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these *five-and-twenty* or *thirty years*." Taking the shortest period here spoken of, we are thrown back to the year 1589 as the time when the play was first on the boards. That the piece now in hand was the one referred to by Jonson may be justly presumed, from the known fact of its great and long-continued popularity on the stage, and as there was no other play so entitled, that we know of.

Nearly all the best critics, from Theobald downwards, are agreed that very little of this play was written by Shakespeare. And such is decidedly my own judgment now, though some thirty years ago, in "my salad days," I wrote and printed otherwise. One of our best deliverances on the subject is in Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare*, 1860, as follows: "Act i. scene 1, and the greater part, or rather the whole, of Act v. are the work of one writer, and that writer not Shakespeare. The Latinism both of the manner and the matter would be sufficient to prove this, did not the utter want of imagination in the author render all other arguments needless. The other three Acts — with occasional exceptions, perhaps — bear the unmistakable stamp of another and more poetical mind; yet I feel all but certain that Shakespeare did not write a word of the play, except, possibly, one or two passages. To say nothing of the absence of his peculiar excellences, and the precipitous descent from *Venus and Adonis* and *Tarquin and Lucrece* to *Titus Andronicus*, I do not believe he *would* have written on such a subject; still less that *he* could have revelled with such evident zest in details of outrage and unnatural cruelty. Perhaps the last scene of Act iv. was written by the author of Acts i. and v."

Substantially concurrent herewith is the judgment of Staunton: "That Shakespeare had some share in the composition of this revolting tragedy, the fact of its appearance in the list of pieces ascribed to him by Meres, and its insertion by Heminge and Condell in the folio collection of 1623, forbids us to doubt. He may, in the dawning of his dramatic career, have written a

few of the speeches, and have imparted vigour and more rhythmical freedom to others; he may have been instrumental also in putting the piece upon the stage of the company to which he then belonged; but that he had any hand in the story, or in its barbarous characters and incidents, we look upon as in the highest degree improbable."

Our latest expression of judgment in the question is by Mr. Fleay, whose claim to be heard will, I think, be undisputed: "A stilted, disagreeable play, with a few fair touches. It has many classical allusions in it; many coincidences in the use of words and phrases with Marlowe's work; in style and metre it is exactly what a play of Marlowe's would be, if corrected by Shakespeare: it is built on the Marlowe blank-verse system, which Shakespeare in his early work opposed; and did not belong to Shakespeare's company till 1600."

The question, by whom the main body of the play was written, is not so easily answered, and perhaps is hardly worth a detailed investigation. Mr. Grant White is strongly inclined to regard it as a joint production of Marlowe, Greene, and Shakespeare. He indicates the latter half of scene 2, Act i., the whole of scenes 1 and 2, Act ii., and the greater part of scene 2, Act iv., as originally the work of Greene: the choice of the plot and incidents, together with the writing of scene 4, Act iv., and nearly all of Act v. in its original form, he ascribes to Marlowe; and thinks that in the first half of scene 2, Act i., in scenes 3 and 5, Act ii., and throughout Act iii., "we may clearly trace the hand of Shakespeare." In all this, however, he seems to feel that his judgment is not very sure-footed; and I suspect that, if he were to pronounce on the subject now, he would find less of Shakespeare in the play than he did some twenty years ago.

For my own part, I am quite convinced that Shakespeare had little to do in the writing of it, though enough, perhaps, to warrant the printing of it as his; while the play, as a whole, is so extremely distasteful to me, that I would gladly be rid of it altogether. And I agree substantially with Mr. White and Mr. Fleay as to Marlowe's share in the workmanship. At the time when *Titus Andronicus* appears to have been written, Marlowe

had just unfettered the English Drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and usage of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-sounding march, and often made it puff wellnigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences of that day were prone to bestow their loudest applause on tragedies which gave them to "sup full of horrors"; and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of such motives, to provide them banquets of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtile courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived the full time.

The play in hand is without any known foundation in authentic history. How or whence the story originated, has not been revealed, unless in the play itself. The scene of the incidents seems to be nowhere, the time, nowhen. The sentiments and customs of ages and nations far asunder in time and space, Pagan gods and Christian observances, are jumbled together in "most admired confusion"; and indeed the matter generally seems to have been patched up at random from what the author or authors had learned in books.

I must add that there is an old ballad on the same subject, which was entered at the Stationers' by Danter at the same time with the play, and is printed in Percy's *Reliques*: but which of them was written first, we have no means of deciding, save that, as Percy remarks, "the ballad differs from the play in several particulars which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome.	PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus.
BASSIANUS, his Brother.	ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.	ALARBUS, } Sons to Tamora.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, his Brother, Tribune of the People.	DEMETRIUS, }
LUCIUS, } Sons to Titus.	CHIRON, }
QUINTUS, }	AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
MARCIUS, }	A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
MUTIUS, }	Romans and Goths.
SEMPRONIUS, } Kinsmen to Titus.	TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
CAIUS, }	LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andro- nicus.
VALENTINE, }	A Nurse, and a black Child.
YOUNG LUCIUS, Son to Lucius.	

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE. — *Rome and the country near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the ANDRONICI appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drums and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,

Plead my successive title ¹ with your swords :
 I am his first-born son, that was the last
 That wore th' imperial diadem of Rome ;
 Then let my father's honours live in me,
 Nor wrong mine age ² with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, — friends, followers, favourers of my
 right, —

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
 Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol ;
 And suffer not dishonour to approach
 Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
 To justice, conscience, and nobility :
 But let desert in pure election shine ;
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes, — that strive by factions and by friends
 Ambitiously for rule and empery, —
 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
 A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamèd Pius
 For many good and great deserts to Rome :
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls.
 He by the Senate is accited ³ home
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook

¹ Meaning " my title to the succession."

² He means his claim by *seniority*; not that he is an aged man.

³ *Accited* is called or summoned. See vol. xi., page 266, note 8.

This cause of Rome, and chástised with arms
 Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field ;
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renownèd Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat, — by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore, —
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy⁴
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
 And to my fortunes and the people's favour
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause. —

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*

⁴ To *affy* here means to *trust* or *put confidence* in. Bishop Jewell, in his *Defence*, has the substantive in the same sense : " If it be so presumptuous a matter to put *affiance* in the merites of Christe, what is it, then, to put *affiance* in our owne merites ?"

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
 As I am confident and kind to thee. —
 Open the gates, tribunes, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS go up into
 the Capitol.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way : the good Andronicus
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honour and with fortune is return'd
 From where he circumscribèd with his sword,
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS ;
 after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black ;
 then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONI-
 CUS ; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHI-
 RON, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners ; Soldiers and
 People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and
 TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in my mourning weeds !⁵
 Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
 Returns with precious lading to the bay
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears, —
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. —
 Thou great defender⁶ of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend ! —

⁵ Andronicus refers to his sons for whom he is mourning, and by or through the loss of whom he has made Rome victorious.

⁶ Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that King Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive and dead !
 These that survive let Rome reward with love ;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors :
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword. —
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ? —
 Make way to lay them by their brethren. —

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
 O sacred réceptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthy prison of their bones ;
 That so their shadows be not unappeased,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on Earth.⁷

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren ! — Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion⁸ for her son :
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

⁷ It was supposed that the souls, shades, or *manes* of the dead could not rest, till their bodies had burial, and that they were apt to haunt the living, or pursue them with prodigies, by way of soliciting the rites of funeral.

⁸ *Passion* in the classical sense of *suffering* or *anguish*.

O, think my son to be as dear to me !
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs and return,
 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke ;
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
 O, if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
 Draw near them, then, in being merciful :
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself,⁹ madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive and dead ; and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
 To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,
 T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
 MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose¹⁰ not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive
 To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.

⁹ The use of *patient* or *patience* as a verb was not uncommon. So in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: "Patient yourself; we cannot help it now." And in *The Famous Historie of Captaine Thomas Stukeley*, 1605: "Sir Thomas, *patience* but yourselfe awhile."

¹⁰ *Oppose* in the sense of *allege against* or *set in opposition to*.

Then, madam, stand resolved ; but hope withal,
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent,¹¹
 May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths, —
 When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen, —
 To quit¹² her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their
swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
 Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
 Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls. —

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damnèd grudges, here no storms,
 No noise ; but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long ;
 My noble lord and father, live in fame !

¹¹ Alluding to the story of Polymnestor as set forth in the *Hecuba* of Euripides. In order to avenge the death of her son, Hecuba decoyed Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other captive Trojan women were kept.

¹² *Quit* in the sense of *requite*. A frequent usage.

Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
 I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
 Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud !

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
 The cordial of mine age to glad my heart ! —
 Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
 And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes ; re-enter
 SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS, attended.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
 Gracious triumpber in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame !
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords :
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,¹³
 And triumphs over chance in honour's bed. —
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
 This palliament¹⁴ of white and spotless hue ;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceasèd Emperor's sons :

¹³ Alluding to the saying ascribed to Solon, that no man was to be pronounced happy till after death.

¹⁴ *Palliament* is *robe*. The writer was probably thinking of the Roman *paludamentum* or military cloak, and confounded it with the white costume in which candidates for office presented themselves ; whence the term *candidatus*.

Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness :
What should I don ¹⁵ this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with acclamations ¹⁶ to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ? —
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country :
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world :
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask ¹⁷ the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right ; —

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's Emperor. —

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to Hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts !

Luc. Proud Saturninus, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

¹⁵ *Don* is *do on*, that is, *put on*. — *What* is here equivalent to *why*, or *for what* ; like the Latin *quid*.

¹⁶ The ending *-tions* is here dissyllabic ; required to be so for the metre. Shakespeare seldom follows this oid usage except at the ends of lines. So, again, in *election*, a few speeches below.

¹⁷ "Shalt obtain and ask" was perhaps intended as an instance of the classical *hysteron-proteron*. See Critical Notes.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages :
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on Earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, *Long live our Emperor !*

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great Emperor,
And say, *Long live our Emperor Saturnine !*

[A long flourish.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,¹⁸

¹⁸ *Empress* is here a trisyllable, as if it were written *emperess*. Repeatedly so in this play ; as also the word *brethren*. — *Onset*, second line before, is *beginning* or *outset*. So in *The Two Gentlemen*, iii. 2 : " I have a sonnet that will serve the turn to give an *onset* to thy good advice."

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse :
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
 I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace :
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine —
 King and commander of our commonweal,
 The wide world's Emperor — do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
 Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
 How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
 Rome shall record ; — and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To TAMORA.*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
 Emperor ;
 To him that, for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. [*Aside.*] A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew. —
 Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance :
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
 Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome :
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you
 Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths. —
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. — Romans, let us go :

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS courts TAMORA in dumb-show.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing* LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir ! are you in earnest, then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolved withal

To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique*¹⁹ is our Roman justice :

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! — Where is the Emperor's guard ? —

Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surprised !

Sat. Surprised ! by whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* BASSIANUS and MARCUS with LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [*Stabbing* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help ! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

¹⁹ *Cuique* is here used as a trisyllable. Walker notes upon it thus : "Pronounce *cuique*. *Cuī* and *huīc* were in the schools of Shakespeare's time pronounced as dissyllables, as they are still perhaps in some of the Scotch ones ; and were supposed to be admissible in Latin verse composed after the Augustan models."

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful-promised love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,²⁰
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle²¹ in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths, —
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome, —
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice ?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods, —
Sith priest and holy water are so near,

²⁰ That is, " to make a stale of." *Stale* here is about the same as *mockery* or *laughing-stock*. See vol. ii. page 154, note 9.

²¹ To *ruffle* is to *swagger*, to be *turbulent* and *boisterous*. So Baret, in his *Alvearie* : "A trouble or *ruffling* in the common-weale : *procella*."

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for Hymenæus stand, —
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
 I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of Heaven, to Rome I swear,
 If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Panthéon. — Lords, accompany
 Your noble Emperor and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the Heavens for Prince Saturnine,
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd :
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS,
 CHIRON, AARON, and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride :
 Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 Dishonour'd thus, and challengéd of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done !
 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine ;
 Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
 That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
 Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
 Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
 This monument five hundred years hath stood,
 Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
 Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
 Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

Tit. *And shall!* what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus ; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded :
My foes I do repute you every one ;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself ;²² let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead, —

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak, —

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul, —

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, —

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous :
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son

²² This is much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*, a genuine English idiom. A like expression occurs in *The Yorkshire Tragedy* : "She'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again."

Did graciously plead for his funerals :²³
 Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
 Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise :

[*MARCUS and the others rise.*

The dismall'st day's this that e'er I saw,
 To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !
 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends',
 Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;
 He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. [*Rising with the rest.*] My lord,— to step out of
 these dreary dumps,²⁴—

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
 Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus ; but I know it is ;
 Whether by device or no, the Heavens can tell :
 Is she not, then, beholding to the man
 That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

Marc. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS attended,
 TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON ; from the other,
 BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize :²⁵
 God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride !

Bas. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,

²³ *Funerals* was often used where we should use *funeral*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 3: "His *funerals* shall not be in our camp."

²⁴ *Dump* was primarily used for a strain of melancholy music, and so applied to other acts of mourning.

²⁵ To *play a prize* was a technical term in the ancient fencing-schools.

Nor wish no less ; and so, I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothèd love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir : you are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your Grace to know :
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd ;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath
To be controll'd²⁶ in that he frankly gave :
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous Heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine !

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently²⁷ for all ;

²⁶ That is, *at being* controll'd ; the infinitive used gerundively, or like the Latin gerund. See vol. vi. page 181, note 7. — *Controll'd*, here, is *checked*, *coerced*, or *resisted*. See vol. x. page 6, note 2. So *controlment* in the next scene.

²⁷ *Indifferently* in its old sense of *impartially*. See vol. xii. page 213, note 3.

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forbend
I should be author²⁸ to dishonour you !
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all ;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart. —
[*Aside to SAT.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last ;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude, —
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin, —
Yield at entreats ; and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I suèd for my dear son's life ;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain. —
Come, come, sweet Emperor, — come, Andronicus, —
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her, my lord :
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

²⁸ *Author* is here used, like the Latin *auctor*, for *adviser* or *approver*. — *Forbend* is an old equivalent for *forbid*. Often used so. — *Undertake*, in the next line, is *answer* or *stand sponsor*.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the Emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconciled your friends and you. —
 For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the Emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable. —
 And fear not, lords, — and you, Lavinia ;—
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

[MARCUS, LAVINIA, and the sons of TITUS kneel.

Luc. We do ; and vow to Heaven, and to his High-
 ness,

That what we did was mildly as we might,
 Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends :
 The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
 I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
 And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
 I do remit these young men's heinous faults. —

[MARCUS and the others rise.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
 I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore
 I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
 Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides,
 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. —
 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we'll give your Grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy²⁹ too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
 Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
 Secure of thunder's crack or lightning-flash ;
 Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
 As when the golden Sun salutes the morn,
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
 And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
 So Tamora :
 Upon her wit¹ doth earthly honour wait,
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To soar aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,

²⁹ *Gramercy*, from the French *grand merci*, is *great thanks*.

¹ Referring, probably, to the *cleverness* which Tamora has displayed in making her way to the imperial seat. A *smart* woman. She is afterwards spoken of as "our *witty* Empress," and as "*high-witted* Tamora."

To wait upon this new-made Empress.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's. —
 Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude² where I am graced;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
 I am as able and as fit as thou
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Clubs, clubs!³ these lovers will not keep
 the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier⁴ by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
 Till you know better how to handle it. .

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,

² That is, *in intruding*; the infinitive used gerundively again.

³ This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened. See vol. xii. page 283, note 12.

⁴ A light kind of sword was worn by gentlemen when dancing, in the reign of Elizabeth. So Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "One of them carrying his cutting sword of choller, the other his *dancing-rapier* of delight." See vol. iv. page 37, note 6. — *Unadvised* is *inconsiderately* or *rashly*. See vol. x. page 26, note 29.

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. [*Coming forward.*] Why, how now, lords !

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge :

I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns ;

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonour'd in the Court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat

That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say !

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet⁵ upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd

Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?

Young lords, beware ! an should the Empress know

This discord's ground,⁶ the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world :

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

⁵ To *jet* is to *encroach*, to *intrude*. See vol. ix. page 198, note 2.

⁶ A quibble, *ground* being an old name for the air in music. See vol. ix. page 226, note 11.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice :
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient⁷ they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, t' achieve her whom I love.⁸

Aar. T' achieve her! how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;⁹
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,¹⁰ we know :
Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcanus' badge.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

⁷ *Impatient* is here a word of four syllables. See vol. x. page 74, note 10.

⁸ Chiron probably means that, had he a thousand lives, he would venture them all, to achieve Lavinia, so much he loves her.

⁹ These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of *King Henry VI.*, v. 3 :

*She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.*

¹⁰ There is a proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps." This line is also a proverb, "It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf."

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too !

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
To square¹¹ for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. I'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar :
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect ; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must ye pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest-walks are wide and spacious ;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind¹² for rape and villainy.
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empress, with her sacred¹³ wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;

¹¹ To *square* we have several times had in the sense of to *quarrel*. See vol. iv. page 158, note 13.

¹² *Kind* in its primitive sense of *nature*. See vol. iv. page 220, note 2.

¹³ *Sacred* here means *accursed*; a Latinism.

And she shall file¹⁴ our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The Emperor's Court is like the house of Fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns ;
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from Heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*¹⁵

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *A Forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, &c., MARCUS,
 LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,¹
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,²
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the Court may echo with the noise.

¹⁴ Alluding to the use of the file in smoothing machinery, so as to make it run glib and free.

¹⁵ These scraps of Latin are taken, with slight changes, from some of Seneca's tragedies.

¹ In Shakespeare's time, *gray* was used for *blue*, the colour of the clear sky. So *blue* eyes were called *gray*.

² A *bay* is a *barking* ; as in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3 : " I had rather be a dog, and *bay* the Moon, than such a Roman." — *Uncouple* is *let loose the hounds* ; which, on going out to a hunt, were tied or *coupled* together, and so kept till the time of beginning the chase, when they were *uncoupled*.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 T' attend the Emperor's person carefully :
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspired. —

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,
 LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your Majesty ; —
 Madam, to you as many and as good : —
 I promiséd your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lord ;
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then ; horse' and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport. — [*To TAMORA.*] Madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse' will follow where the game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A lonely Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree,
 And never after to inherit³ it.

³ *Inherit* here means *possess*. Often so. See vol. vii. page 85, note 31.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
 Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villainy :
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest [Hides the gold.
 That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chant melody on every bush ;
 The snake lies rollèd⁴ in the cheerful sun ;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise ;
 And — after conflict such as was supposed
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy⁵ storm they were surprised,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave —
 We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine.
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,

⁴ *Rollèd* in the sense of *coilèd*. So in the next speech: "Even as an adder when she doth *unroll*."

⁵ *Happy* here is *propitious* or *opportune*, like the Latin *felix*.

My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
 Even as an adder when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora, — the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee, —
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus :
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 See'st thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful⁶ booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great Empress ; Bassianus comes :
 Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal Empress,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her,
 Who hath abandonéd her holy groves
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps !
 Had I the power that some say Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently

⁶ *Parcel for part*; and *hopeful* in the sense of *hoped-for* or *expected*.

With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transformèd limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments :
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cimmerian⁷
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an óbscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. — I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long :⁸
Good King, to be so mightily abused !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious moth-
er !

Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan ?

⁷ *Swarth* is *dusky*. The Moor is called *Cimmerian*, from the affinity or resemblance of blackness to darkness.

⁸ And yet Saturninus and Tamora have been married but one night.

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have 'ticed me hither to this place :
 A bare detested vale you see it is ;
 The trees, though Summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe :
 Here never shines the Sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.
 And, when they show'd me this abhorrèd pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,⁹
 Would make such fearful and confusèd cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.¹⁰
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death :
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect :
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs* BASSIANUS, *who dies.*

⁹ *Urchins* are *hedgehogs*. Fairies and evil spirits were also called *urchins*. See vol. vii. page 30, note 78.

¹⁰ This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, — nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poniard : you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to her ;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope¹¹ she braves your mightiness :
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But, when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure. —
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preservèd honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face, —

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?
O, do not learn¹² her wrath, — she taught it thee ;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble ;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. —
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :

[*To CHIRON.*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard ?

¹¹ *Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or *ground of confidence more plausible than solid*. — JOHNSON.

¹² *Learn* in the sense of *teach*. The two were used indifferently.

Lav. 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :
 Yet have I heard, — O, could I find it now ! —
 The lion, moved with pity, did endure
 To have his princely claws pared all away :
 Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means. — Away with her !

Lav. O, let me teach thee ! for my father's sake,
 That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
 Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
 Even for his sake am I now pitiless. —
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
 To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent :
 Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;
 The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place !
 For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long ;
 Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond¹³ woman, let me
 go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
 O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
 Where never man's eye may behold my body :
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

¹³ *Fond* for *foolish*; the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah, beastly creature !
The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. — Bring thou her
husband :

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*DEMETRIUS throws the body of BASSIANUS into the
pit ; then exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, drag-
ging off LAVINIA.*]

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see that you make her sure : —
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all th' Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fall'n ? — What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me. —
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament !

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the King to find them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stainèd hole?

Quin. I am surprisèd with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewèd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,¹⁴
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the raggèd entrails of the pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath —

¹⁴ Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in *The Gesta Romanorum* : " He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle that lighted all the house."

Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :

Thou canst not come to me, — I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.

Sat. Along with me : I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it. —
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. Th' unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ! I know thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive ;
But, out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and
LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord the King ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though gnaw'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound :
Poor Bassianus here lies murderéd.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

[*Giving a letter to SAT.*]

The complot of this timeless¹⁵ tragedy ;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely, —
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean, —
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him :
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends. —*
O Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree. —
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

Sat. [To *TITUS.*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody
kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life. —
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison :
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit ? O wondrous thing !
How easily murder is discoveréd !

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons, —
Accursèd, if the fault be proved in them, —

Sat. If it be proved ! you see it is apparent. —

¹⁵ *Timeless* for *untimely*. Repeatedly so. See vol. x, page 210, note 2.

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail ;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your Highness' will
To answer this suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see thou follow me. —
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :
Let them not speak a word, their guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King :
Fear not thy sons ; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, TAMORA, AARON, and Attendants, with QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and the body of BASSIANUS ; then ANDRONICUS and LUCIUS.*]

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished ; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut it out, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.¹

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

¹ *Scrawl* appears to be only another form of *scroll*. So Fabyan, in his *Chronycle*, speaking of King Richard the Second : " He therefore redde the *scrowle* of resygnacyon hymselfe, in maner and fourme as foloweth." And Burnet, in his *Records* : " The said accompts, books, *scroles*, instrumens, or other writings concerning the premises."

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Who's this, — my niece, — that flies away so fast? —
Cousin, a word ; where is your husband? Say. —
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !²
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep ! —
Speak, gentle niece : what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflourèd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect³ him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, —
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, —

² " If this be a dream, I would give all I have, to awake out of it."

³ *Detect* in its Latin sense of *uncover* or *expose*. — Tereus, King of Thrace, having married Progne, became desperately enamoured of her sister Philomela; ravished her, and then, to silence her reproaches and accusations, cut out her tongue. With her needle she worked out a disclosure of the fact, and her sister Progne took dire vengeance upon Tereus. In pity of the ladies, Progne was metamorphosed into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale.

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy hurt! and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Rome. A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the agèd wrinkles in my cheeks ;
 Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 For one-and-twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
 For these, O tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad cares :

[Throwing himself on the ground.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distill from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
 In Summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;
 In Winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood. —

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! gentle, aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain :
The tribunes hear you not ; no man is by ;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead. —
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you, —

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must :
And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attirèd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. — [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death :
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?

Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey
 But me and mine : how happy art thou, then,
 From these devourers to be banishéd !
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy agèd eyes to weep ;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit.

Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her. —
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursèd hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?
 What fool hath added water to the sea,
 Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy ?
 My grief was at the height before thou camest ;
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. —
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
 And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life ;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have served me to effectless use :
 Now all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other. —
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet-varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring¹ wound.

Tit. It was my dear ; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me : what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears ;
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this. —
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband ;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

¹ *Unrecuring* for *incurable*. Shakespeare has *recure* elsewhere in the sense of *cure*, or *recover*. See vol. ix. page 229, note 16.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. —
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb-shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. — Good Titus, dry thine
eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee :
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,

As far from help as Limbo² is from bliss !

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King : he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious Emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the Sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the King my hand :
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies' casques ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

² The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.

Luc. By Heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more : such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both :
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off* TITUS's hand.]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife : what shall be is dispatch'd. —
Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand :
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited, — that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee : —
[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
 If any power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call ! — [*To LAV.*] What, wilt thou kneel with me ?
 Do, then, dear heart ; for Heaven shall hear our prayers ;
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the Sun with fog, as sometime clouds
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibility,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom ?
 Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I bind my woes :
 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?³
 I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
 Then must my sea be movèd with her sighs ;
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
 For why⁴ my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

³ *Coil* was much used for any sort of *ado*, *commotion*, or *trouble*.

⁴ *For why* is an old equivalent for *because* or *inasmuch as*. See vol. i. page 204, note 8.

For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
 And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
 Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd ;
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;
 But sorrow flouted-at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[LAVINIA kisses TITUS.

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
 As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery : die, Andronicus ;
 Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs :
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
 Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears :
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do. —
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. — Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear. —
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this ;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth. —
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woeful'st man that ever lived in Rome : —
Farewell, proud Rome ; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life : —
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
And make proud Saturninus and his Empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in TITUS'S House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and *Young* LUCIUS.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate¹ our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
And, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down. —

[*To* LAV.] Thou map of woe,² that thus dost talk in signs !
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ?

¹ To *passionate*, or to *passion*, is to *express* sorrow or suffering by voice, gesture, or otherwise. See vol. x. page 153, note 18.

² *Map* where we should use *picture* or *image*. Repeatedly so. See vol. x. page 223, note 3.

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
 Lest we remember still that we have none. —
 Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands! —
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
 Here is no drink! — Hark, Marcus, what she says;
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
 She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd³ upon her cheeks. —
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to Heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Young Luc. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away. —

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart:
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

³ A *mash* is, properly, a mixture of ground malt and warm water. The verb to *mash* has the same sense in the language of brewing.

A deed of death done on the innocent
 Becomes not Titus' brother : get thee gone ;
 I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father, brother?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buzz lamenting dronings in the air !
 Poor harmless fly,
 That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry ! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
 Like to the Empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
 Come hither purposely to poison me. —
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. —
 Ah, sirrah !
 As yet, I think, we are not brought so low
 But that between us we can kill a fly
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. — Lavinia, go with me :
 I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
 Sad stories chanced in the times of old. —
 Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Rome. The Garden of TITUS'S House.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter Young LUCIUS, running, with books under his arm, which he lets fall, and LAVINIA running after him.

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why : —
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes. —
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs ?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius ; somewhat doth she mean.

Marc. See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee :
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow : that made me to fear ;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;

Causeless, perhaps. — But pardon me, sweet aunt :
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [LAVINIA turns over with her
stumps the books which LUCIUS has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia ! — Marcus, what means this ?
 Some book there is that she desires to see. —
 Which is it, girl, of these ? — Open them, boy. —
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the Heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence ¹ thus ?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
 Confederate in the fact : ay, more there was ;
 Or else to Heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;
 My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! see how busily she turns the leaves !

[*Helping her.*

What would she find ? — Lavinia, shall I read ?
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes ² the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
 Forced in the ruthless, vast, ³ and gloomy woods ? —

¹ *In sequence* is in *succession*, or *one after another*.

² *Quotes* in the sense of *observes*. Often so.

³ *Vast*, here, is *waste* or *desert*, like the Latin *vastus*.

See, see !

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt, —
 O, had we never, never hunted there ! —
 Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
 By Nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should Nature build so foul a den,
 Unless the gods delight in tragedies ?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, — for here are none but
 friends, —

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
 Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
 That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece : — brother, sit down by
 me. —

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
 Inspire me, that I may this treason find ! —
 My lord, look here : — look here, Lavinia :
 This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
 This after me, when I have writ my name
 Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and
 guides it with his feet and mouth.]*

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift ! —
 Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,
 What gods will have discover'd for revenge :
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors and the truth !

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
 with her stumps, and writes.]*

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ ?

Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.

Marc. What, what ! the lustful sons of Tamora
 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magne dominator poli,*

*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*⁴

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, — as, with the woeful fere⁵
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, —
That we will prosecute, by good advice,⁶
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, ere die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how to do it.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind⁷ you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let't alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad⁸ of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then? — Boy, what say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that, if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

⁴ Slightly changed from a passage in Seneca's *Hippolytus*: "Magne regnator delm, tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?"

⁵ *Fere* is, properly, *companion*; here put for *husband*.

⁶ *By good advice* is *circumspectly*, by *well-considered means*.

⁷ *To wind* is to *scent*, or *get wind of*.

⁸ A *gad* is, properly, the *point of a spear*; hence used for any instrument similarly pointed. So in *gad-fly* and *goad*.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both :
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course. —
Lavinia, come. — Marcus, look to my house :
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court ;
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and *Young* LUCIUS.]

Marc. O Heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him? —

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield :
But yet so just that he will not revenge : —
Revenge, ye Heavens, for old Andronicus !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *The Same.* *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON ; from
the other side, Young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a
bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Luc. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your Honours from Andronicus, —

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both !

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius : what's the news ?

Young Luc. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. — May't please you, lords,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armory

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

You may be armèd and appointed¹ well :

And so I leave you both, — [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Young LUCIUS and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round about ?

Let's see :

[*Reads.*] *Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*²

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :

I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just, a verse in Horace ; right, you have it. —

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !

Here's no fond jest ;³ th' old man hath found their guilt ;

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But, were our witty Empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit :

But let her rest in her unrest awhile. —

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,

¹ *Appointed* is *equipped* or *accoutered*. Often so.

² Horace : *Carminum* i. 22.

³ *Fond*, again, in its old sense of *foolish*.

Captives, to be advancèd to this height?
It did me good, before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay,⁴ by turn to serve our lust.

Aar. A charitable wish and full of love :
Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go ; and pray to all the gods
For our belovèd mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us over.

[*Flourish within*

Dem. Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for joy the Emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft ! who comes here ?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords :

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is ; and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone !
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep !
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from Heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace ! —

⁴ Here, again, *bay* is a term of the chase ; as an animal, when urged to extremity, is said to *stand at bay*, or to *be brought to bay* ; that is, made to turn, and face the *baying* or *barking* of the hounds.

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the Devil's dam ; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue ;

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime :

The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, ye whore ! is black so base a hue ?—
Sweet blowse,⁵ you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathèd choice !

Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point : —
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?

⁵ A *blowse* is one who has a coarse, ruddy bloom ; Richardson says, "one who has been well *blown* upon, or exposed to blowing winds."

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
 That touches this my first-born son and heir !
 I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,⁶
 With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
 Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !
 Ye white-limed walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !
 Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue ;
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell th' Empress⁷ from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself,
 The vigour and the picture of my youth ;
 This before all the world I do prefer ;
 This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.⁸

Nur. The Emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.⁹

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :

⁶ Enceladus was a giant, the son of Titan and Terra.

⁷ The metre requires *Empress* to be a trisyllable here ; as if spelt *emperess*.
 See page 16, note 18.

⁸ *Escape* here means *sensual intrigue* or *act of lewdness*. Repeatedly so.
 See vol. vii. page 199, note 8.

⁹ *Ignomy* is an old form of *ignominy*. See vol. xi. page 130, note 8.

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart !
 Here's a young lad framed of another leer : ¹⁰
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
 He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
 And from that womb where you imprison'd were
 He is enfranchiséd and come to light :
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stampèd in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you :
 Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ! when we thus join in league,
 I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafèd boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. —
 But say, again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself ;
 And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself.
 Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
 Go to the Empress, tell her this I said :

[*He stabs her : she screams and dies.*]

Weke, weke ! so cries a pig prepared to th' spit.¹¹

¹⁰ *Leer* is *look, colour, complexion.* See vol. v. page 84, note 7.

¹¹ *Prepared to th' spit is fatted for roasting.* See vol. i. page 87, note 9.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
 A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no :
 And now be't known to you my full intent.
 Not far one Muli lives, my countryman ;
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are :
 Go pack¹² with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
 And how by this their child shall be advanced,
 And be receivèd for the Emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the Court ;
 And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark, lords ; ye see that I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the dead Nurse.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

¹² To *pack* is to *plot*, *contrive*, or *conspire*, in an unlawful manner. See vol. iv. page 244, note 21.

And secretly to greet the Empress' friends. —
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
 To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them ; with him, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come : — kinsmen, this is the way. —
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
*Terras Astræa reliquit:*¹
 Be you remember'd, Marcus, she is gone, she's fled. —
 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean,² and cast your nets ;
 Happily you may catch her in the sea ;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land : —
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost centre of the Earth :
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition ;
 Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome. —

¹ From Ovid: *Metamorphoseon* i. 150: "Victa jacet pietas; et virgo cæde madentes, Ultima cælestum, *terras Astræa reliquit.*"

² Here *ocean* is a trisyllable. Repeatedly so in this play.

Ah, Rome ! Well, well ; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. —
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd :
This wicked Emperor may have shipp'd her hence ;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night t' attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some easeful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ! how now, my masters ! What
Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from Hell, you shall :
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in Heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels. —
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size ;
But metal, Marcus, steel to th' very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear :
And, sith there's justice nor in Earth nor Hell,
We will solicit Heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs. —

Come, to this gear.³ — You're a good archer, Marcus :

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you ; here, *Ad Apollinem* :

Ad Martem, that is for myself. —

Here, boy, *To Pallas* ; here, *To Mercury* : —

To Saturn, Caius, not *To Saturnine* ;

You were as good to shoot against the wind. —

To it, boy. — Marcus, loose you when⁴ I bid. —

Of my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court :
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] — O, well said,⁵
Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; she'll give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim'd a mile beyond the Moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha !

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?

See, see, thou'st shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the Court ;
And who should find them but the Empress' villain ?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give his lordship joy !

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from Heaven ! Marcus, the post is come. —
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?

³ *Gear* is any matter or business in hand.

⁴ *Loose* was a technical term in archery, for the discharge of an arrow.

⁵ *Well said* was a common expression for *well done*.

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from Heaven?

Clo. From Heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to Heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up⁶ a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

⁶ To *take up* is, in old language, to *make up*, that is, to *settle*.

Clo. I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it. —

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ;

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant : —

And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. — Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, and others ; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ! was ever seen
 An Emperor in Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for th' extent¹
 Of equal justice, used in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buzz in the people's ears, there's nought hath pass'd,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,²
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to Heaven for his redress :
 See, here's *To Jove*, and this *To Mercury* ;
 This *To Apollo* ; this *To the god of war* ;
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !
 What's this but libelling against the Senate,

¹ *Extent* for *extension*, that is, *administration*.

² *Wrecks* for *transports of rage or violence*, probably.

And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say,³ in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feignèd ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages :
 But he and his shall know that Justice lives
 In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his heart ;
 And rather comfort his distressèd plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts. — [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze⁴ with all. —
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out :⁵ if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. —

Enter the Clown.

How now, good fellow ! wouldst thou speak with us ?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. — God and Saint Stephen give you godden :
 I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

³ That is, as *if any one should say*. A frequent usage.

⁴ To *gloze* is to *wheedle* or *cajole* ; to *appease with blarney*.

⁵ The language, if the text be right, is elliptical, meaning " *I have drawn thy life-blood out.*" See Critical Notes.

Clo. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd ! by'r Lady, then I have brought up a neck
to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully ? —
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair ;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege. —
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man ;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. —

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius ?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lord ! Rome never had more
cause :

The Goths have gather'd head ; and with a power
Of high-resolvèd men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;
Who threatens, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms ;
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'Tis he the common people love so much :
Myself hath often overheard them say —
When I have walkèd like a private man —
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens do favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious,⁶ like thy name.
Is the Sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint⁷ their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks⁸ to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth,⁹ and fill his agèd ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. —
[*To ÆMILIUS.*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And, if he stand on hostage for his safety,

⁶ *Imperious* for *imperial*. Repeatedly so.

⁷ To *stop* is the old meaning of to *stint*.

⁸ Meaning the heads or flowers of white clover; which, however, do not cause the rot in sheep.

⁹ To *smooth* is to *blarney*, to *beguile with flattering words*.

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go incessantly,¹⁰ and plead to him. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, and an Army of Goths, with drums and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st, —
Like stinging bees in hottest Summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowerèd fields, —

¹⁰ *Incessantly* in the Latin sense of *instantly*, or *without delay*.

And be avenged on cursèd Tamora.

Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his Child in his arms.

2 Goth. Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.

I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :

Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam !

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,

Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,

Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor :

But, where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.

Peace, villain, peace ! — even thus he rates the babe, —

For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;

Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly ! and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand ;
This is the pearl that pleased your Empress' eye ;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. —
Say, wall-eyed¹ slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?

¹ *Wall-eyed* is having eyes with a white or pale-gray iris; *fierce-eyed*.
See vol. x. page 83, note 5.

Why dost not speak? what, deaf? what, not a word? —
 A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. —
 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal. —
 Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which AARON is made to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
 And bear it from me to the Empress.
 If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more but, vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
 Ruthful to hear, yet pitilessly perform'd:
 And this shall all be buried in my death,
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:
 That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee callèd conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,

Therefore I urge thy oath ; for that I know
 An idiot holds his bauble² for a god,
 And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
 To that I'll urge him : therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same god — what god soe'er it be —
 That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up ;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O détestable villain ! call'st that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ; and
 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them :
 That coddling³ spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set ;
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.⁴
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :

² A *bauble* was part of the " allowed Fool's " official trappings or insignia. See vol. iv, page 106, note 5.

³ That fondness of *bed-pleasures*. *Cod* is an old word for pillow.

⁴ An allusion to bulldogs, whose courage is shown by meeting the bull in front.

I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the Queen and her two sons :
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter :
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :
 And, when I told the Empress of this sport,
 She swoonèd almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

I Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.⁵

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day — and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse —
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
 As, kill a man, or else devise his death ;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle fall and break their necks ;⁶
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

⁵ Referring to an old proverb. In illustration, Walker quotes from Withal's *Adagia* : " *Faciem perfricuit.* Hee blusheth like a blacke dogge, he hath a brazen face."

⁶ This might be done by making pit-falls in their pasture; that is, by digging pits, and hiding them under a slight covering. A cow plunging head-first into one of these would be very likely to break her neck.

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd-up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carvèd in Roman letters
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

[*AARON is brought down from the ladder.*]

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in Hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

3 Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. —

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius : what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman Emperor greets you all by me ;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. — March, away ! [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome. Before TITUS's House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees¹ may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceived : for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I now am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word : how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action ?
Thou hast the odds of me ; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines ;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care ;

¹ *Decrees for resolutions ; like the Latin decreta.*

Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora :
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
I am Revenge ; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murder and of death :
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand ;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;
And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the East
Until his very downfall in the sea :

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine² and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore callèd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress' sons they are!
And you, the Empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by. [*Exit above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,³
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor.
Could not all Hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the Empress never wags

² *Rape* and *rapine* appears to have been sometimes used synonymously.

³ *Out of hand* is on the sudden, or on the spur of the moment.

But in her company there is a Moor ;
And, would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
And, when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer. —
Go thou with him ; and, when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he's a ravisher. —
Go thou with them ; and in the Emperor's Court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee :
I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house ;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother ! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
 Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
 As he regards his agèd father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to* DEM. *and* CHI.] What say you, boys ? will
 you abide with him,
 Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
 And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me
 mad,
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
 A pair of cursèd hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. [*Aside to* TAM.] Madam, depart at pleasure ; leave
 us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

[*Exit* TAMORA.]

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS, CAIUS, and VALENTINE.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The Empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ! thou art too much deceived,
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name ;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius : —
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure ;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*

[PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear ! we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded. —
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA ; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound. —
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter. —
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud ;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest ;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
 What would you say, if I should let you speak?
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Hark, wretches ! how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The basin that receives your guilty blood.
 You know your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad :
 Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;
 And of the paste a coffin⁴ I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.⁵
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be revenged :
 And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their throats.*]

Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
 Come, come, be every one officious⁶
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So : —

⁴ A *coffin* is the term for the crust of a raised pie.

⁵ That is, her own *produce*. The earth's increase is the *produce* of the earth. "Then shall the earth bring forth her *increase*." Psalm lxxvii. 6. So in *The Tempest*, iv. 1 : "Earth's *increase* and foison plenty."

⁶ *Officious* here is *active*, *prompt in service*.

Now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

' SCENE III. — *Court of TITUS'S House : Tables set out.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON Prisoner, and his Child in the arms of an Attendant ; other Attendants.

Luc. Since, uncle Marcus, 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours with thine,¹ befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil ;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings :
And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Luc. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave ! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. —

[*Exeunt some Goths, with AARON. Flourish within.*]
The trumpets show the Emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one ?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun ?

Marc. Rome's Emperor, and nephew, break² the parle ;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

¹ That is, our *content* is *one* with thine.

² *Break*, here, is *open*, or *begin* ; as we still say " *break* the subject."

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
 Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
 For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :
 Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA veiled, Young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread Queen ;
 Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
 And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,
 'Twill fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
 To entertain your Highness and your Empress.

Tim. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your Highness knew my heart, you were. —
 My lord the Emperor, resolve me this :
 Was it well done of rash Virginius
 To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
 Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
 And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty strong, effectual ;
 A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
 For me, most wretched, to perform the like : —
 Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ; [*Kills LAVINIA.*
 And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die !

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
 I am as woeful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ; and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your Highness
feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius :
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue ;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, bakèd in that pie ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed !

[*Kills TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed !

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. LUCIUS, MARCUS,*
and their Partisans go up into a gallery.

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body ;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But, if my frosty signs and chops of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words, —

[*To* LUCIUS.] Speak, Rome's dear friend : as erst our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful-burning night
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy, —
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact³ of flint nor steel ;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is our captain, let him tell the tale ;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That cursèd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murderéd our Emperor's brother ;
And they it were that ravishéd our sister :
For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded ;
Our father's tears despised ; he basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banishéd,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms t' embrace me as a friend :
I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood ;

³ *Compact* is composed, made, or framed.

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just and full of truth.
 But, soft ! methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child :

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora deliveréd ;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes :
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
 Have we done aught amiss ? show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the raggèd stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our House.
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and, if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome, come
 down,

And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our Emperor ; for well I know
 The common voice do cry *It shall be so.*

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Emperor !

Marc. [*To Attendants.*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful
 house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

LUCIUS, MARCUS, &c., *descend.*

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me ease awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*Kissing* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect,⁴ then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

⁴ *In that respect is on that account, or for that reason.*

Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart
 Would I were dead, so you did live again !—
 O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with AARON.

Æmil. You sad Andronici, have done with woes :
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;
 There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food :
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
 Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
 I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
 I should repent the evils I have done :
 Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
 Would I perform, if I might have my will :
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emperor hence,
 And give him burial in his father's grave :
 My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
 Be closèd in our household's monument.
 As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
 No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
 But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
 Then, afterwards, to order well the State,
 That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*

CRITICAL NOTES.



ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 8. *Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, conscience, and nobility.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *continence* instead of *conscience*, which seems preferable on the score both of metre and of sense.

P. 10. *Open the gates, tribunes, and let me in.* — So Capell. The old copies are without *tribunes*. Something of the sort is needed not only to complete the verse, but to mark whom the speaker is addressing; and *tribunes* may well have dropped out, from the circumstance of its being repeated in the next line. Collier's second folio fills up the verse thus: "Open the *brazen* gates."

P. 10. *Hail, Rome, victorious in my mourning weeds!* — So Warburton and Theobald. The old copies have *thy* instead of *my*. Lettson justly observes that *my* "seems warranted by the whole tenour of the speech." See foot-note 5.

P. 10. *Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught, &c.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have "*his* fraught."

P. 11. *That so their shadows be not unappeased.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have "*the* shadowes." But the shades of the slain Andronici are clearly meant. And so a little after: "T' appease *their* groaning shadows that are gone."

P. 13. *Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent.* — The old text has "in *his* tent." But *her* is required by the subject-matter of the allusion. See foot-note 11.

P. 13. *To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.* — The old copies have “quit *the* bloody wrongs.” The sense plainly requires *her*; and so Rowe printed.

P. 13. *Rome's readiest champions, repose you here.* — The old text has “repose you here *in rest*”; against both metre and sense.

P. 13. *Here grow no damnd grudges, here no storms,
No noise; &c.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions read “heere *are* no stormes.”

P. 15. *Be chosen with acclamations to-day.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *proclamations*.

P. 15. *And set abroach new business for you all?* — So the third folio. The earlier editions misprint *abroad* for *abroach*.

P. 15. *Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.* — A very awkward piece of construction. I suspect we ought to read, as Staunton suggests, “*Ask, Titus, and thou shalt obtain the empery.*”

P. 15. *Proud Saturninus, interrupter of the good.* — Here the old copies have *Saturnine*.

P. 16. *My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends.* — So the third folio. The earlier editions have *friend*.

P. 17. *And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions have *Pathan*.

P. 19. *Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine?* — The quartos and first folio read “Was none in Rome,” &c. The words *there* and *else* were supplied in the second folio.

P. 22. Marc. *Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.* — This line is wanting in the quartos, and is printed in the folio as part of the preceding speech. The omission of the prefix was doubtless accidental.

P. 25. *I do remit these young men's heinous faults.* —

[MARCUS and the others rise.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl, &c. — In the old text, the second of these lines reads "*Stand up* : Lavinia, though you left me," &c. Here the words *Stand up* were evidently meant as a stage-direction, and were wrongly printed as part of the text. Such errors are quite frequent.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 26. *To soar aloft with thy imperial mistress,*

And mount her pitch, &c. — Instead of *soar*, proposed by Walker, the old text has *mount*, which gives an awkward repetition.

P. 27. *Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate.* — The old copies read "me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate."

P. 27. *And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.* — The old copies have *passions*. The correction is Rowe's.

P. 29. *Better than he have worn Vulcanus' badge.* — The old copies have "worne *Vulcans* badge." — The second folio completes the verse with "have yet worn."

P. 30. Chi. *I'faith, not me.* — The old text is without *I'*.

P. 30. *A speedier course than lingering languishment*

Must ye pursue, &c. — The old copies have *this* instead of *than*, and *we* instead of *ye*. The former was corrected by Rowe, the latter by Hanmer; and both corrections are plainly required by the context.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 32. *And you have rung it lustily, my lord,* — The old copies have *Lords* : but the speech is evidently addressed to Titus alone. Corrected by Dyce.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 35. *And the hounds*

Should dine upon thy new-transformed limbs. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *drive* instead of *dine*. Heath proposed to substitute *thrive*.

P. 35. *The King my brother shall have note of this.* — The old copies have *notice* instead of *note*. Pope's correction.

P. 35. *Why have I patience to endure all this?* — The old copies read "Why *I have* patience." Corrected in the second folio.

P. 36. *A bare detested vale you see it is.* — So Capell. The old text has *barren* for *bare*.

P. 36. *Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be henceforth call'd my children.* — So Capell and Walker. The old text reads "Or be *ye* not."

P. 37. *And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions lack *she*. Collier's second folio reads, "And with that painted *shape* she braves your *might*."

P. 37. *But, when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.* — The old copies have "*we* desire," and "outlive *us*." The former is corrected in the second folio, the latter by Dyce.

P. 38. *'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, — O, could I find it now! —
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely claws pared all away.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *paws* instead of *claws*. — Walker suspects a line to have dropped out, the passage having been written something thus:

'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark,
Nor the fell lioness bring forth a lamb:
Yet have I heard, &c.

P. 38. *Even for his sake am I now pitiless.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions are without *now*.

P. 40. *That he thereby may give a likely guess.* — The old copies generally read "may *have* a likely guess"; but it is said that some copies of the first quarto read *give*.

P. 41. *Here, Tamora; though gnaw'd with killing grief.* — So Walker. The old text has *griev'd* instead of *gnaw'd*.

P. 43. *They shall be ready at your Highness' will
To answer this suspicion with their lives.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "answer *their* suspicion."

P. 43. *Let them not speak a word, their guilt is plain.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*the* guilt."

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 43. *So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut it out, and ravish'd thee.* — The old text reads "Who 'twas that cut *thy tongue*," &c. Lettsom notes upon the passage, "Read 'Who 'twas that cut *it out*, and ravish'd thee.' It is evident that *thy tongue* intruded from the line above, ejecting *it*: afterwards *out* seems to have been omitted *ob metrum*."

P. 44. *An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.* — So Pope. The old editions have *cause* instead of *case*.

P. 44. *Cousin, a word; where is your husband? Say.* — So Hammer. The old copies are without *say*.

P. 44. *And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love.* — So Theobald and Collier's second folio: Dyce, also, hit upon the same reading independently. The old copies read "As *halfe* thy love."

P. 44. *But, sure, some Tereus hath deflour'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.* — The old copies have *them* instead of *him*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 44. *As from a conduit with three issuing spouts.* — The old copies have *theyr* and *their* instead of *three*. The correction is Hammer's, and is fully justified by the context.

P. 45. *Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy hurt!* — So Walker. The old text has *hart* instead of *hurt*. *Hart* was indeed a common mode of spelling *heart*;

and Walker thinks the error grew from the occurrence of that word three lines below: at all events, the context points out *hurt* as the right word.

P. 45. *Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep, &c.*— So Ham-
mer. The old copies give the second line thus: “Which that sweet
tongue hath made.” Such a mutilated line seems quite out of place
here. Collier’s second folio completes it thus: “Which that sweet
tongue hath made *in minstrelsy.*”

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 46. *For one-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour’s lofty bed.
For these, O tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart’s deep languor and my soul’s sad cares:
Let my tears stanch the earth’s dry appetite.*— In the first of
these lines, the old text has “two and twenty,” and in the third lacks
O. The second folio completes the line by repeating *these*. Lettsom
notes upon the passage thus: “Titus had twenty-five sons, of whom
one was murdered by his father, two are here going to execution, and
Lucius outlives the play. This leaves twenty-one to have ‘died in hon-
our’s lofty bed.’” The insertion of *O* in the third line is Collier’s. In
the fourth line, again, the old text has *teares* instead of *cares*. Walker
notes *tears* as suspicious; and it seems to me little better than stark
nonsense. Nor do I well see the fitness of *languor*. Collier’s second
folio substitutes *anguish*: rightly, I suspect. Perhaps the author wrote
“My heart’s deep *anguish* with my soul’s sad tears.”

P. 46. *O earth, I will befriend thee with more rain,
That shall distill from these two ancient urns.*— The old copies
have “ancient *ruines.*” Corrected by Hammer.

P. 47. *O reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, &c.*— The old text has “*oh* gentle aged men.”
Rowe’s correction.

P. 47. *Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must :
And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones.* — “In this passage,” says Dyce, “I give the reading of the earliest quarto, adding the words *since I complain*; something to that effect having evidently dropped out.” The folio reads as follows :

Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me : oh if they did heare
They would not pittie me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes *bootles* to the stones.

P. 48. *Speak, my Lavinia, what accursèd hand, &c.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions lack *my*.

P. 50. *How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry.* — The old copies have *in* instead of *as*. From Collier's second folio.

P. 50. *His napkin, with his true tears all bewet.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have “with *her* true tears.”

P. 51. *With all my heart, I'll send the King my hand.* — So Capell and Walker. The old copies, *Emperour* instead of *King*.

P. 51. *Writing destruction on the enemies' casques.* — The old text has *Castle* instead of *casques*. Theobald printed “the enemies' *casque*.” Walker would read *crests*; and he says of *casque*, “this seems very unlikely.” Lettsom notes upon the passage: “Read ‘the enemies' *casques*.’ I do not see what made *casque* seem ‘very unlikely’ to Walker; but, in any case, I think the plural necessary.”

P. 53. *Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passion bottomless with them.* — The old copies read “*Is* not my sorrow deep,” &c. But the plural is made necessary here by *them* in the next line. Walker's correction.

P. 53. *I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !* — So the second folio. The earlier editions have *flow* for *blow*.

P. 54. *Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd.*—The old copies have *sports* instead of *sport*. Pope's correction.

P. 54. *Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.*—The old copies have "controule *my* griefs." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 55. *And in this hand the other will I bear.*—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this ;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—The quartos give the second line thus: "*And Lavinia thou shalt be employed in these armes.*" The folio has the same, except that it substitutes *things* for *armes*. *And* doubtless crept in by mistake from the line above. I give the reading proposed by Lettsom, who notes thus: "*These* for *this* was probably the original blunder ; *arms* and *things* sophistications to produce something like sense."

P. 55. *Till Lucius come again,*
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.—The old copies have *loves* instead of *leaves*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 55. *And make proud Saturninus and his Empress*
Beg at the gates, &c.—So the second folio. The earlier editions have *Saturnine*.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 56. *And, when my heart, all mad with misery, &c.*—This scene is not in the quartos ; and the folio has *Who* instead of *And*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 57. *Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks.*—So Dyce. The old text has *mesh'd*, which yields no fitting sense. See foot-note 3.

P. 57. *What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?*—So the second folio. The first omits *thy*.

P. 57. *Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny.*—So the second folio. The first omits *are*.

P. 58. *But how, if that fly had a father, brother?*

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting dronings in the air! — In the first of these lines, the old text has “a father and mother.” This, besides spoiling the metre, does not cohere at all in sense with the next line. I adopt the reading proposed by Ritson, which I think fits all round. In the third line, again, the old text has *doings* instead of *dronings*. The latter was conjectured by Theobald, and approved by Heath; also lately proposed by Lettsom.

P. 58. *As yet, I think, we are not brought so low, &c.* — The old text is without *As*. Supplied by Dyce.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 59. Marc. *See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee: &c.* —

The old copies print this and the five following lines as a continuation of Titus's speech. But the third line of Lucius's reply shows plainly that some part of the speech rightly belongs to Marcius; and I concur with Walker that the repetition of the name, “See, Lucius,” points out this as the place where Marcius's speech ought to begin. Capell saw the necessity of some change, and assigned the last line of the speech to Marcius.

P. 60. *Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —*

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus? — So the quartos.

The folio has, between these lines, the question, “What book?” which probably crept in somehow by mistake from the speech a little after, “Lucius, *what book* is that she tosseth so?” Surely, at all events, the question has no business here.

P. 60. *Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!* — [Helping her.

What would she find? — Lavinia, shall I read? — In the first of these lines, the old copies have “Soft, so busilie,” &c. The reading in the text is Rowe's. Also, in the second line, the old copies have “*Helpe her, what would she find?*” &c. Here, again, a stage-direction has manifestly crept into the text. See note on “I do remit these young men's heinous faults,” &c., page 101.

P. 61. *Guide, if thou canst,*

This after me, when I have writ my name.—So the second folio. The first omits *when*, which Collier's second folio changes to *where*,—perhaps rightly.

P. 61. *And here display, at last,*

What gods will have discover'd for revenge.—So Walker. The old text has *God* instead of *gods*. Walker cites various instances of the same error.

P. 62. *That we will prosecute, by good advice,*

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

And see their blood, ere die with this reproach.—So Theobald. In the last of these lines, the old text has *or* instead of *ere*. It seemed to me that we ought to read *ere*; and I was glad to find that Heath had approved that reading; though *or* was sometimes used for *or ever*, that is, *sooner than*.

P. 62. *'Tis sure enough, an you knew how to do it.*—So Collier's second folio. The words *to do it* are wanting in the old copies.

P. 63. *Revenge, ye Heavens, for old Andronicus!*—The old copies have *the* instead of *ye*. The same error occurs repeatedly; the common abbreviations of *the* and *ye* being easily confounded. The correction is Johnson's.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 64. *For villains mark'd with rape.*—*May't please you, lords, &c.*—So Capell. The old text omits *lords*.

P. 64. *For so he bade me say;*

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that, whenever you have need, &c.—The old copies are without *that*. Supplied by Pope.

P. 64. *Here's no fond jest; th' old man hath found their guilt.*—The old text has *sound* instead of *fond*, which is Theobald's correction.

P. 65. Aar. *A charitable wish and full of love.*—So Walker. The old copies assign this line to Chiron.

P. 66. *Out, out, ye whore! is black so base a hue?* — So Theobald. The folio lacks the second *out*. The quartos have *Zounds* instead of *Out*. Capell reads “*Out on you.*”

P. 67. *Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!* — So Theobald. The old copies have “*Ye white-limbde walls,*” and “*white-limb'd.*”

P. 68. *Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, Old lad, I am thine own.* — Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests “*Old dad*” instead of “*Old lad.*” I suspect he is right.

P. 68. *Why, so, brave lords! when we thus join in league,
I am a lamb.* — The old copies are without *thus*. The second folio prints “*when we all joyne in league.*”

P. 69. *Not far one Muli lives, my countryman.* — The old copies have “*one Muliteus my countryman.*” Collier's second folio reads “*Not far hence Muli lives,*” &c. The reading in the text was conjectured by Steevens.

P. 69. *Hark, lords; ye see that I have given her physic.* — So Walker. The old text reads “*Hark ye Lords, ye see I have given her physicke.*”

P. 70. *I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feast on curds and whey.* — So Hanmer. The old copies repeat *feed* instead of *feast*. Collier's second folio reads “*I'll make you thrive on berries,*” &c.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 70. *Sir boy, now let me see your archery.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions omit *now*.

P. 71. *Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night t' attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some easeful remedy.* — In the first of these lines, the old copies have “*my Lords.*” Corrected in the second folio. In the fourth line, “*some easeful remedy*” is Walker's correction of “*some carefull remedie.*”

P. 71. *And, sith there's justice nor in Earth nor Hell,
We will solicit Heaven, &c.* — The old copies read “sith there's no justice in earth nor hell.” Corrected by Dyce.

P. 72. To Saturn, *Caius*, not To Saturnine ;
You were as good to shoot against the wind. — So Capell. The old copies read “To Saturnine, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*.” But *Caius* is evidently one of Titus's kinsmen, who is present to take part in shooting the arrows. Perhaps I should add that the several arrows are inscribed with the names of the gods to whom old Titus is making his appeal ; and that the one which *Caius* is to shoot is inscribed “*To Saturn*,” not “*To Saturnine*,” as any appeal to the latter would be like praying to the wind.

P. 72. *To it, boy.* — *Marcus, loose you when I bid.* — So Malone. The old copies lack *you*. Hanmer inserted *thou* ; but Titus has just before addressed Marcus, “that's for *you*.”

P. 72. *O, well said, Lucius !
Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; she'll give it Pallas.* — So Capell. The old copies lack *she'll*. The arrow to be shot by Lucius was inscribed “*To Pallas*” ; and Titus means that he has lodged it in the lap of Virgo, who will deliver it to Pallas.

P. 72. *My lord, I aim'd a mile beyond the Moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.* — The old copies have *aim* instead of *aim'd*. One of the many instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 74. *My lords, you know, as do the mightyful gods.* — The old copies lack the words *as do*, which are needful alike to the metre and the sense. Rowe inserted them.

P. 75. *But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall, &c.* — In both the second and the third of these lines, the old copies have *he* instead of *she*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 75. *But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,*

Thy *life-blood* out. — So all the old copies till the second folio, which substitutes *on't* for *out*. Grant White reads "*My life-blood on't*"; which I am apt to think is right, though Dyce pronounces it "a very improbable reading." Walker notes upon the passage as follows: "A line is lost, I imagine; something to this effect, (not that these are the words,) —

'But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
[And, through the bodies of thy children, drawn]
Thy life-blood out.'

P. 75. *Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be emperial.* — So Johnson. The old copies have *Mistership*. As the Clown is given to blundering, I am not sure but *mistership* may be right.

P. 76. *Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had more cause:*

The Goths have gather'd head; &c. — The old copies omit the second *arm*, and have *Lords* instead of *lord*. But the speech is certainly addressed to Saturninus only. Some of the recent editors leave out *arm*; but the insertion is clearly right, and so Walker judges. Capell's conjecture.

P. 76. *Who threatens, in course of his revenge.* — So Rowe and Walker, the latter independently. The old copies have *this* instead of *his*.

P. 76. *Myself have often overheard them say, &c.* — So Theobald. The old copies have simply "often heard."

P. 77. *Go thou before, be our ambassador.* — The quartos have "before to be our Embassadour"; the folio, "before to our Embassadour." Corrected by Capell.

P. 77. *And, if he stand on hostage for his safety, &c.* — The old copies have *in* instead of *on*. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 78. *Then go incessantly, and plead to him.* — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old copies have *successantly*. What this may mean, nobody can tell. Rowe changed it to *successfully*; but this, I think, gives a wrong sense. See foot-note 10.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 79. *Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.*—The second folio prefixes “*Omn.*” to this speech. The earlier editions have no prefix at all.

P. 80. *Why dost not speak? what, deaf? what, not a word?*—The second *what* is wanting in the old copies. Dyce suggests it. The second folio completes the verse with “*no! Not a word?*”

P. 80. *Get me a ladder.*—In the old copies, these words are made a part of Aaron’s following speech. This is palpably absurd. Theobald set the matter right.

P. 80. *Ruthful to hear, yet pitilessly perform’d.*—So Heath. The old copies have *piteously*. The same correction occurred to me before I knew Heath had proposed it.

P. 81. *O detestable villain! call’st that trimming?*—The old copies have “*Call’st thou that Trimming?*”

P. 82. *Make poor men’s cattle fall and break their necks.*—The words *fall and* are not in the old copies; and Malone, to fill up the verse, proposed “*break their necks and die*”; as if cattle could break their necks and *not* die! Dyce prints “*stray and break their necks.*” But I do not well see how straying has any natural connection with breaking of necks. See foot-note 6.

P. 83. *Oft have I digg’d up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends’ doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot.*—Instead of *doors* and *were*, the originals have *door* and *was*. The first was corrected in the second folio; the other, by Malone. The second folio also reads “*their sorrow almost was forgot.*”

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 84. *Titus, I now am come to talk with thee.*—The old copies omit *now*. Supplied by Dyce.

P. 84. *Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines.* — So Theobald. The old copies have *witnesse* repeated before “these crimson lines.”

P. 85. *And whirl along with thee about the globe.* — So Dyce. The old copies have *Globes*. But Titus evidently means the Earth.

P. 85. *Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves.* — In the first of these lines, the old copies have “Provide thee two proper Palfries.” In the third, also, the originals have *Murder* and *cares* instead of *murderers* and *caves*. The second folio changed *cares* to *caves*. The other corrections were made by Rowe and Capell.

P. 85. *Even from Hyperion's rising in the East, &c.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions have *Epeons* and *Eptons*.

P. 86. Tit. *Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?*
Tam. *Rapine and Murder; therefore call'd so, &c.* — The originals have *them* and *Rape* instead of *these* and *Rapine*. The second folio substitutes *Rapine* for *Rape*; and rightly, as appears from “destroy *Rapine* and Murder there,” occurring a little before. The correction *these* for *them* is Dyce's.

P. 88. *What say you, boys? will you abide with him, &c.* — The old copies have *bide* instead of *abide*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 89. *The Empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.* — The old copies omit *and*; doubtless by accident, as we have “Chiron *and* Demetrius” repeatedly afterwards.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 91. Since, uncle Marcus, *'tis my father's mind, &c.* — So Walker. The old text reads “*Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind.*”

P. 92. *A reason mighty strong, effectual;
A pattern, precedent, &c.* — The old copies have “strong, *and* effectual.” Hanmer omits *and*.

P. 93. *Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself.*—So Capell. The old copies have *Let* instead of *Lest*. In the quartos, we have "*Roman Lord,*" in the folio, "*Goth*" prefixed to this line, and all the speech following accordingly. But the speech bears on its face unquestionable marks of being spoken by Marcius; and Capell and Collier's second folio are clearly right in assigning it to him, as a continuation of what precedes the line here quoted.

P. 94. *Here is our captain, let him tell the tale.*—So Walker. The old copies read "*Here is a Captaine.*" As Lucius proceeds forthwith to "*tell the tale,*" there can be no doubt that *our* is right.

P. 94. *For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despised; he basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, &c.*—In the first of these lines, the old copies have *faults*, which cannot be right, as the murder of Bassianus is the matter referred to. Also, in the second line, the old text has *and* instead of *he*.

P. 94. *I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you, &c.*—So the first quarto. The folio has "*And I am turned forth.*"

P. 95. *The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, &c.*—The old copies read "*And as he is.*" The correction is Theobald's. Also, in the next line, the old text has *course* instead of *cause*. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 95. *Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome, come down, &c.*—So Walker. The words *come down* are not in the old copies. Capell completed the verse as follows: "*Come down, come down, thou reverend man of Rome.*"

P. 96. Romans. *Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Emperor!*
Marc. [To Attendants.] *Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.* [Exeunt some Attendants.

LUCIUS, MARCIUS, &c., descend.

Romans. *Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!*—In the old copies, the first and last of these lines are run in with the four

intervening lines, all as one speech, and the whole is assigned to Marcius. This is palpably wrong, as Lucius begins his response, "Thanks, gentle *Romans*." The necessary changes were made by Capell.

P. 96. *But, gentle people, give me ease awhile,*

For nature puts me to a heavy task: —

Stand all aloof.—The old copies read "give me *ayme* awhile."

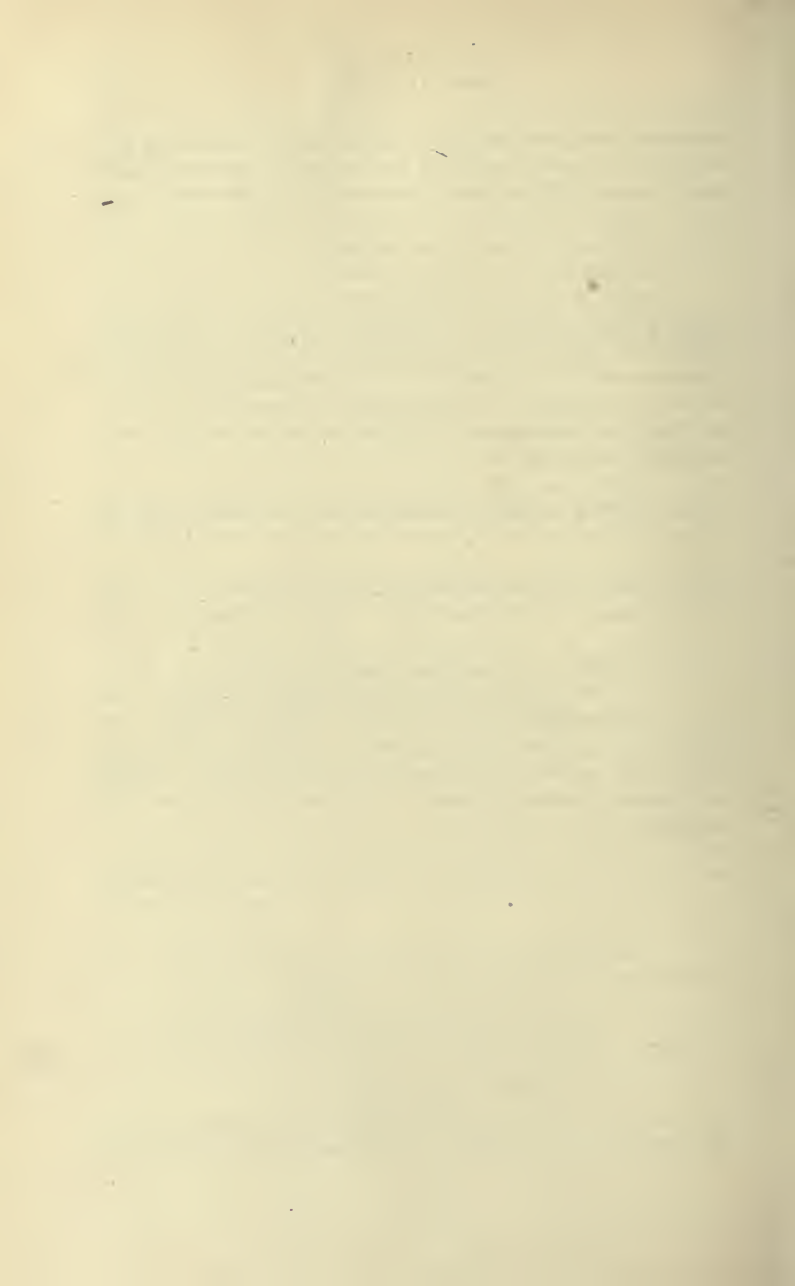
No fitting sense can well be gathered from *aim* here. Collier conjectures *room*; White, *air*; either of which coheres well enough with "Stand all aloof." Dyce says, "If the earliest quarto (and the folio) had not the spelling *ayme*, I should have proposed 'give me *ear*.'" But Lucius does not proceed to address the people, as he probably would if he wanted their *ear*.

P. 96. *These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face.*—The old copies have *slaine* instead of *stain'd*. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 97. *Æmil. You sad Andronici, have done with woes.*—So Dyce. The old copies prefix "*Romaine*" and "*Romans*" to this speech.

P. 97. *No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,*

No mournful bell shall ring her burial.—Hereupon Dyce notes: "This reading, hitherto (I believe) unnoticed, is that of the quarto 1600,—at least of the copy of that quarto now before me." The other old copies have "nor man in *mournefull* weeds." To avoid the repetition, Staunton proposed "No *solemn* bell"; Lettsom, "No *holy* bell."



ROMEO AND JULIET.

FIRST printed in 1597, but with a text very different from what we now have. That edition was unquestionably piratical; and Collier thinks that "the manuscript used by the printer was made up, partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly obtained, and partly from notes taken at the theatre during representation." The play was printed again in 1599, with the words, "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," in the title-page. This issue bears clear marks of authenticity, and has the best text of all the old copies. It was reprinted in 1609, and again at a later period, which however cannot be ascertained, the edition being undated. The folio, though omitting several passages found in the quarto of 1609, is shown, by the repetition of certain misprints, to have been printed from that copy. How much the play was augmented appears in that the text of 1597 is less than three-fourths as long as that of 1599. And the difference of the two copies in respect of quality is still greater. For instance, the speech of Juliet on taking the sleeping-draught, and also that of Romeo just before he swallows the poison, are mere trifles in the first copy as compared with what they are in the second. The improvement in these cases and in many others is such as may well cause us to regret that the Poet did not carry his riper hand into some parts of the play which he left unchanged.

The diversities of style in this play are so great as to argue a considerable lapse of time between the writing of the first and second copies. In particular, the first three Acts are in many places sadly disfigured with forced and affected expressions, such as nothing but immaturity and the influence of bad models could well account for or excuse. These, however, disappear almost entirely in the other two Acts. The date more commonly

assigned for the original form of the tragedy is 1596, which allows only a space of about two years between the writing and rewriting; and I fully agree with those editors who hold that the second issue shows such a measure of progress in judgment, cast of thought, and dramatic power as would naturally infer a much longer interval. And there is one item of internal evidence which would seem to throw the original composition as far back as 1591. This is what the Nurse says when prattling of Juliet's age: "'Tis since the earthquake now *eleven* years, and she was wean'd;" which has been often quoted as a probable allusion to the earthquake that happened in England in the Spring of 1580, and "caused such amazedness among the people as was wonderful for the time." To be sure, arguments of this sort are apt to pass for more than they are worth; nevertheless the general style of the workmanship inclines me to think that it hits about right as to the time of the composition.

The story which furnished the basis of the tragedy was exceedingly popular in Shakespeare's time. The original author of the tale as then received was Luigi da Porto, whose novel *La Giulietta* was first published in 1535. From him the matter was borrowed and improved by Bandello, who published it in 1554. The story is next met with in the French version of Belleforest, and makes the third in his collection of *Tragical Histories*. These were avowedly taken from Bandello. Some of them, however, vary considerably from the Italian; as in this piece Bandello brings Juliet out of her trance in time to hear Romeo speak and see him die; and then, instead of using his dagger against herself, she dies of a broken heart; whereas the French orders this matter the same as we have it in the play. The earliest English version of the tale known to us is a poem by Arthur Brooke, published in 1562. This purports to be from the Italian of Bandello, but agrees with the French in making Juliet's trance continue till after the death of Romeo. In some respects, however, the poem has the character of an original work; the author not tying himself strictly to any known authority, but drawing somewhat on his own invention. I say *known* authority, because in his introduction to the poem the author informs us that the tale had already been put to work on

the English stage. As the play to which he refers has not survived, we have no means of knowing how the matter was there handled. There was also a prose version of the tale, published by William Paynter in his *Palace of Pleasure* in 1567. Whether Shakespeare availed himself of any earlier drama on the subject is not known. Nor, in fact, can we trace a connection between the tragedy and any other work except Brooke's poem. That he made considerable use of this, is certain from divers verbal resemblances as well as from a general likeness in the matter and ordering of the incidents.

As regards the incidents of the play, the Poet's invention is confined to the duel of Mercutio and Tybalt, and the meeting of Romeo and Paris at the tomb. I must add, that in the older versions of the tale Paris shows a cold and selfish policy in his lovesuit, which dishonours both himself and the object of it. Shakespeare elevates him with the breath of nobler sentiment; and the character of the heroine is proportionably raised through the pathos shed round her second lover from the circumstances of his death. Moreover, the incidents, throughout, are managed with the utmost skill for dramatic effect; so that what was before a lazy and lymphatic narrative is made redundant of animation and interest. In respect of character, also, the play has little of *formal* originality beyond Mercutio and the Nurse; who are as different as can well be conceived from any thing that was done to the Poet's hand. And all the other characters, though the forms of them are partly borrowed, are set forth with an idiomatic sharpness and vitality of delineation to which the older versions of the tale make no approach. But what is most worthy of remark on this point is, that Shakespeare just inverts the relation of things: before, the persons served but as a sort of framework to support the story; here the story is used but as canvas for the portraiture of character and life.

A great deal has been written, and written well, in praise of this tragedy; yet I can by no means rank it so high as some of the Poet's critics have done. Coleridge has a passage which it would hardly be right to leave unquoted. "The stage," says he, "in Shakespeare's time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain; but he made it a field for monarchs. That law of unity

which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in Nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read *Romeo and Juliet*: all is youth and Spring; youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies; Spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency: it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of Spring: with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death are all the effects of youth; whilst in Juliet love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of Spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh, like the last breeze of an Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare."



Rom. "Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.	} Servants to Capulet.
PARIS, his Kinsman.	
MONTAGUE, } Heads of two Hostile	PETER, Servant to the Nurse.
CAPULET, } Houses.	ABRAHAM, Servant to Montague.
An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.	An Apothecary.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.	Three Musicians.
MERCUTIO, } Friends to Romeo.	Chorus. A Boy, Page to Paris.
BENVOLIO, }	An Officer.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.	LADY MONTAGUE.
FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.	LADY CAPULET.
FRIAR JOHN, }	JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo.	Nurse to Juliet.
Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.	

SCENE. — *During the greater part of the Play, in Verona; once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.*

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal¹ loins of these two foes

¹ *Fatal* for *fated*; the active form with the passive sense. This confusion of the two forms, both in adjectives and participles, is very frequent.

A pair of star-cross'd² lovers take their life ;
 Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
 Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but³ their children's end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. [*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Verona. A Public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.¹

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.²

² *Star-cross'd* is thwarted or opposed by planetary influence; that is, *ill-fated*. The Poet, in common with the writers of his time, abounds in such astrological allusions; the old faith in judicial astrology being then still held by many, and colouring the language of those who had renounced it.

³ The exceptive *but*, as it is called; having the sense of *be out*, of which it is an old contraction.

¹ To *carry coals* is to *put up with insults*. Anciently, in great families, the scullions, turnspits, and carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials. Such attendants upon the royal household, in progresses, were called the *black-guard*; and hence the origin of that term. So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*: "Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo will hold my dog." And in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: "Hee is very chollericke, furious, or courageous; he will *carrie no coales*." See, also, vol. xii. page 53, note 15.

² *Collier* was a common term of reproach; perhaps from the blackness of colliers; the Devil being represented as black. See vol. v. page 204, note 10.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the House of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir ; and to be valiant is to stand : therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that House shall move me to stand : I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True ; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall : therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one ; I will show myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids ?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand ; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-john.³ Draw thy tool ; here comes two of the House of the Montagues.⁴

Sam. My naked weapon is out : quarrel ; I will back thee.

Gre. How ! turn thy back and run ?

³ *Poor-john* is *hake*, dried and salted.

⁴ The partisans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies the Capulets. Hence throughout this play they are known at a distance.

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry ; I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ;⁵ let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by ; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.⁶

Enter ABRAHAM *and* BALTHAZAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. [*Aside to GRE.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay ?

Gre. [*Aside to SAM.*] No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you : I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

⁵ *Keep the law on our sides.* The indifferent use of *on* or *of* in such cases was very common ; as in *Hamlet*, ii. 2 : "Nay, then I have an eye *of* you." Also in *The Merchant*, ii. 2 : "More hair *of* his tail than I have *of* my face." And in *Much Ado*, iii. 5 : "An two men ride *of* a horse, one must ride behind."

⁶ This was a common mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel. Dekker, in his *Dead Term*, 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's, says, "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs*, to beget quarrels!" And so in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary* : "*Nique, faire la nique*, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knocke."

Gre. [*Aside to SAM.*] Say *better*: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.⁷

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing⁸ blow. [*They fight.*]

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beats down their swords.*]
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate Hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*]

⁷ Gregory is a servant of the Capulets: he therefore means Tybalt, whom he sees coming in a different direction from that of Benvolio. — Upon this scene Coleridge comments with rare felicity: "With his accustomed judgment, Shakespeare has begun by placing before us a lively picture of all the impulses of the play; and, as nature ever presents two sides, one for Heraclitus and one for Democritus, he has, by way of prelude, shown the laughable absurdity of the evil by the contagion of it reaching the servants, who have so little to do with it, but who are under the necessity of letting the superfluity of sensorial power fly off through the escape-valve of wit-combats, and of quarrelling with weapons of sharper edge, all in humble imitation of their masters. Yet there is a sort of unhired fidelity, an *ourishness* about all this, that makes it rest pleasant on one's feelings. All the first scene, down to the conclusion of the Prince's speech, is a motley dance of all ranks and ages to one tune, as if the horn of Huon had been playing behind the scenes."

⁸ *Swashing* is *swaggering* or *blustering*. See vol. v. page 28, note 9.

Enter several of both Houses, who join the fray ; then enter Citizens with clubs.

Citizens. Clubs, bills, and partisans!⁹ strike ! beat them down !

Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this ? — Give me my long sword,¹⁰ ho !

L. Cap. A crutch, a crutch ! why call you for a sword ?

Cap. My sword, I say ! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let go.

L. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter the Prince, with Attendants.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainèd soil, —
Will they not hear ? — what, ho ! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd Prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

⁹ The old custom of crying out *Clubs, clubs!* in case of any tumult occurring in the streets of London, has been made familiar to many readers by Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. See vol. xii. page 283, note 12. — *Bills* and *partisans* were weapons used by watchmen and foresters. See vol. v. page 18, note 10.

¹⁰ The *long sword* was used in active warfare ; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament. See vol. vi. page 38, note 15.

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets ;
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast-by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd ¹¹ hate :
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away : —
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ; —
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Freetown, ¹² our common judgment-place. —
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but* MONTAGUE, *Lady* MONTAGUE,
and BENVOLIO.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? —
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach :
 I drew to part them : in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared ;
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

L. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
 Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

¹¹ The first *canker'd* is *rusted*; as in St. James, v. 3: "Your gold and silver is *cankered*; and the *rust* of them shall be a witness against you." The second has the analogous sense of an eating, obstinate sore, like a *cancer*; which word is from the same original. See vol. vii. page 87, note 42.

¹² In Brooke's poem, *Free-town* is the name of a castle belonging to Capulet.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where — underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side —
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I — measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone —
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But, all so soon as the all-cheering Sun
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtuned him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends :
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, — I will not say how true, —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious¹³ worm,

¹³ The more common meaning of *envy* and *envious* was *malice* and

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you, step aside ;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will !¹⁴

Where shall we dine ? — O me ! what fray was here ?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love : —
Why, then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !

malicious. — In the Poet's time, when the passive voice was used, and the agent expressed by prepositional phrase, *with* was often used instead of *by*.

¹⁴ Should *think* he sees a way to his will merely because he wishes to have it so, and when in truth there is none.

O any thing, of nothing first created !
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
 Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
 Still-waking sleep,¹⁵ that is not what it is !—
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd¹⁶
 With more of thine : this love, that thou hast shown,
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purged,¹⁷ a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft ! I will go along ;
 And, if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

¹⁵ This string of antithetical conceits seems absurd enough to us ; but such was the most approved way of describing love in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps the best defence of the use here made of it is, that such an affected way of speaking not unaptly shows the state of Romeo's mind, that his love is rather self-generated than inspired by any object. At all events, as compared with his style of speech after meeting with Juliet, it serves to mark the difference between *being love-sick* and *being in love*.

¹⁶ That is, "*by having* it press'd." An instance of the infinitive used gerundively, where present usage does not admit of it. See vol. ii. page 29, note 25.

¹⁷ *Purged* is here used in the same sense as in St. Matthew, iii. 12 : " And he will thoroughly *purge* his floor." The figure is of a fire *purified* of the *smoke*.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness,¹⁸ who 'tis that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ! why, no ;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will, —
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill ! —
In sadness, cousin I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man ! And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss : she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd.¹⁹
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
That, when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.²⁰

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair :

¹⁸ *In sadness* is *in seriousness*, or *in earnest*. So, a little after, *sadly* for *seriously*. The usage was common. See vol. iv. page 194, note 13.

¹⁹ That is, shielded from Cupid's artillery as by a charm. So in *Cymbeline*, v. 3: "I, in mine own woe *charm'd*, could not find Death where I did hear him groan, nor feel him where he struck." And in *Macbeth*, v. 7: "Let fall thy blade on *vulnerable* crests ; I bear a *charmed* life."

²⁰ Poor only in that, when she dies, her great estate of beauty must die with her, as she will have none to inherit it.

She hath forsworn to love ; and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.²¹
These²² happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair :
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.²³

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine,²⁴ or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

²¹ To call her exquisite beauty more into my mind, and make it more the subject of conversation. *Question* was often used in this sense.

²² *These* appears to be here used indefinitely, and as equivalent merely to *the*. We often use the demonstratives in the same way. See vol. vi. page 174, note 9.

²³ It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so ; but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet. Rosaline was a mere creation of his fancy ; and we should remark the boastful positiveness of Romeo in a love of his own making, which is never shown where love is really near the heart. — COLERIDGE.

²⁴ *Doctrine* for *lesson* or *instruction* ; one of the Latin senses of the word.

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world ;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early married.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :¹
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair-according voice.
This night I hold an old-accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light :
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

¹ *Fille de terre* is the old French phrase for an *heiress*. *Earth* is put for *lands*, or *landed estate*, in other old plays.

Of limping Winter treads,² even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit³ at my house ; hear all, all see,
 And like her most whose merit most shall be :
 Whilst, on more view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.⁴
 Come, go with me. — [*To the Servant.*] Go, sirrah, trudge
 about
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper.*] and to
 them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here ! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets ; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned : in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,⁵

² The Poet's 98th Sonnet yields a good comment on the text :

From you have I been absent in the Spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.

³ *Inherit* in its old sense of *possess* or *have*. See vol. vii. page 85, note 31.

⁴ The allusion is to the old proverbial expression, "*One is no number.*" So in the Poet's 136th Sonnet :

Among a number *one is reckon'd none;*
 Then, in the number let me pass untold.

⁵ Alluding, probably, to the old remedy for a burn, by holding the burnt place up to the fire. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1 : "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity."

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
 Turn giddy, and be help⁶ by backward turning ;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.⁷

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is ;
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipp'd and tormented,⁸ and — Good-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good-den.⁹ I pray, sir, can you read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book : but, I
 pray, can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly : rest you merry !

Rom. Stay, fellow ; I can read. [Takes the paper.

[Reads.] *Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ;
 County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters ;
 The lady widow of Vitruvio ;
 Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces ;
 Mercutio and his brother Valentine ;
 Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters ;
 My fair niece Rosaline, and Livia ;*

⁶ *Help* or *holpen* is the old preterit of *help*. That form of the word occurs repeatedly in the English Psalter, which is an older version than the Psalms in the Bible.

⁷ The *plantain-leaf* is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds.

⁸ Such, it seems, were the most approved modes of curing mad people in the Poet's time. See vol. v. page 205, note 11.

⁹ An old colloquialism for "God give you good even."

*Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena. —*

[*Giving back the paper.*] A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To our house, to supper.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and, if you be not of the House of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.¹⁰ Rest you merry!

[*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest;
With all th' admirèd beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,¹¹
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, — who, often drown'd,¹² could never die, —
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

¹⁰ This expression often occurs in old plays. We have one still in use of similar import: "To *crack* a bottle."

¹¹ *Unattainted* is *uncorrupted* or *undisabled*; an eye that sees things as they are.

¹² "And these *eyes of mine*, which, though often drown'd with tears, could never," &c. One of the old reasons for burning witches as heretics was, because water could not or would not strangle them. So in King James's *Dæmonology*: "It appears that God hath appointed for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches, that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof."

One fairer than my love ! th' all-seeing Sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye :
But in that crystal scales¹³ let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same.* A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and the Nurse.

L. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to
me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhood at twelve year old,
I bade her come. — What, lamb ! what, lady-bird ! —
God forbid !¹ where's this girl? — What, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now ! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

L. Cap. This is the matter : — Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret : — nurse, come back again ;
I have remember'd me, thou'se² hear our counsel.

¹³ Here *scales* is a noun singular; the *pair* being regarded merely as *parts* of one and the same thing.

¹ An exquisite touch of nature! The old Nurse in her fond garrulity uses *lady-bird* as a term of endearment; but, recollecting its application to a female of loose manners, checks herself: "God forbid" her darling should prove such a one! — STAUNTON.

² The use of *thou'se* for *thou shalt* was common.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty³ age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

L. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —
And yet, to my teen⁴ be it spoken, I have but four, —
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

L. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve⁵ at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember't well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in th' sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:
Nay, I do bear a brain.⁶ But, as I said,

³ *Pretty* for *apt, fitting, or suitable*. Such, or nearly such, is often its meaning. So in *King Henry V.*, i. 2: "We have *pretty* traps to catch the petty thieves."

⁴ *Teen* is an old word for *sorrow*, and is here used as a sort of play upon *four* and *fourteen*. See vol. vii, page 17, note 15.

⁵ Lammas-day or -tide falls on the first of August; and of course Lammas-eve is the day before. It is an ancient festival of the Catholic Church. The most probable derivation of the name is from a Saxon word meaning *loafmass*, because on that day the Saxons used to offer loaves made of new wheat, as an oblation of first-fruits. Some, however, hold the festival to have been instituted in commemoration of St. Peter in the fetters, and derive the name from our Lord's injunction to that Apostle, "Feed my lambs."

⁶ The Nurse is boasting of her retentive faculty. To *bear a brain* was to have good mental capacity.

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy, and fall out wi' th' dug !
 Shake quoth the dove-house :⁷ 'twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge :
 And since that time it is eleven years ;
 For then she could stand alone, nay, by the Rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about ;
 For even the day before, she broke her brow :
 And then my husband — God be with his soul !
 'A was a merry man — took up the child :
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? and, by my halidom,⁸
 The pretty wretch⁹ left crying, and said *Ay*.
 To see, now, how a jest shall come about !
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it : *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth he ;
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said *Ay*.

L. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam : yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say *Ay* :
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone ;

⁷ It appears that *quoth*, as here used, was a vulgar corruption of *go'th*, or *goeth*. Mr. P. A. Daniel quotes from Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* : " Bounce *quoth* the guns." Also, from Dekker's *Honest Whore* : " Bounce *goes* the guns." — The meaning probably is, that the dove-house was shaken by the earthquake. The matter is commonly explained as referring to an earthquake that happened in England on the 6th of April, 1580. It is said that the great clock at Westminster, and other clocks and bells struck of themselves with the shaking of the earth ; and that the roof of Christ church near Newgate was so shaken that a stone dropped out of it, and killed two persons, it being service-time.

⁸ *Halidom* is an old word for *faith*. See vol. xii. page 264, note 14.

⁹ *Wretch* was a common term of familiar endearment.

A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly :
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? it stinted, and said *Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to His grace !
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed :
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

L. Cap. Marry, that *marry* is the very theme
 I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say thou had'st suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

L. Cap. Well, think of marriage now ; younger than you,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers : by my count,
 I was your mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief :
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man
 As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.¹⁰

L. Cap. Verona's Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

L. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?
 This night you shall behold him at our feast ;
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
 Examine every married lineament,¹¹

¹⁰ As well made, as handsome, as if he had been modelled in wax. So in *Wily Beguiled* : " Why, he is a man as one should picture him in wax." And so Horace uses *cerea brachia*, waxen arms, for arms well-shaped.

¹¹ That is, all the features *harmonized* into mutual helpfulness. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, we have " the unity and *married* calm of States."

And see how one another lends content ;
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies
 Find written in the margin¹² of his eyes.
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him only lacks a cover :¹³
 The fish lives in the shell ;¹⁴ and 'tis much pride
 For fair without the fair within to hide.
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ! nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

L. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

L. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*] — Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹² The comments on ancient books were generally printed in the *margin*. Horatio says, in *Hamlet*, " I knew you must be edified by the *margin*."

¹³ This speech is full of quibbles. The *unbound* lover is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book*, and the *binding* in *marriage* ; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, *femme couverte*.

¹⁴ Referring, probably, to the well-known beauty of many conchiferous structures and habitations. See Critical Notes.

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Masquers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :¹
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;²
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :³
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure,⁴ and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch :⁵ I am not for this ambling ;

¹ In *King Henry VIII.*, where the King introduces himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before with an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions it is probable Romeo is made to allude.

² The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-relief. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle. — A *crow-keeper* was simply a *scare-crow*.

³ *Entrance* is here used as a word of three syllables, and perhaps should be spelt *enterance*. — The passage evidently refers to certain stage practices of the time. In *Timon of Athens*, i. 2, we have Cupid making a speech as prologue to "a Masque of Ladies as Amazons."

⁴ *Measure* is used in two senses here, the last meaning a sort of dance. See vol. iv. page 173, note 5.

⁵ A *torch-bearer* was a constant appendage to every troop of masquers. To *hold a torch* was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College.

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing-shoes
With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,
So stokes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore empiercèd with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :⁶
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. —
Give me a case to put my visage in ; [*Putting on a mask.*]
A visor for a visor ! What care I
What curious eye doth quote⁷ deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes⁸ with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase :
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.⁹

⁶ Milton uses a similar quibble in *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. : " At one slight bound he overleap'd all bound."

⁷ *Quote* was often used for *observe* or *notice*. See vol. i. page 185, note 1.

⁸ The stage was commonly strewn with *rushes*, which were also considered good enough carpeting even for great men's houses in the Poet's time. See vol. xi. page 79, note 23.

⁹ To *hold the candle* is a common proverbial expression for being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences we have " A good

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse,¹⁰ the constable's own word :
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Or — save your reverence ¹¹ — love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight,¹² ho !

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.¹³

Rom. And we mean well in going to this masque ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.

candle-holder proves a good gamester." This is the "grandsire phrase" with which Romeo is proverbial. There is another old maxim alluded to, which advises to *give over* when the game is at the fairest.

¹⁰ *Dun is the mouse* is a proverbial saying of vague signification, alluding to the colour of the mouse ; but frequently employed with no other intent than that of quibbling on the word *done*. Why it is attributed to a constable we know not. So in *The Two Merry Milkmaids, 1620*: "Why, then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers." *To draw dun out of the mire* was a rural pastime, in which *dun* meant a dun horse, supposed to be stuck in the mire, and sometimes represented by one of the persons who played, sometimes by a log of wood.

¹¹ *Save your reverence* was a common phrase of apology for introducing a profane or indelicate expression.

¹² That is, use a candle when the Sun shines ; an old proverbial phrase for superfluous actions in general.

¹³ The *five wits* was a common phrase denoting the five senses. It was sometimes used also of the intellectual faculties, which were supposed to correspond to the five senses. See vol. iv. page 157, note 9.

She is the fairy midwife ;¹⁴ and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,¹⁵
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers :
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Though lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are :
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :

¹⁴ "The fairy midwife" was that member of the fairy nation whose office it was to deliver sleeping men's fancies of their dreams, those "children of an idle brain."

¹⁵ Rings cut out of agate, and having very small images of men or children carved on them, were much worn by civic dignitaries and wealthy citizens.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes ;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;¹⁶
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,¹⁷
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes :
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage :
This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.¹⁸

¹⁶ It was believed that certain malignant spirits assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white ; that in this character they haunted stables in the night, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plating them into inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of their masters.

¹⁷ Alluding to a superstition which, as Warburton observed, may have originated from the *plica Polonica*, which was supposed to be the operation of the wicked elves : whence the clotted hair was called elf-locks or elf-knots.

¹⁸ Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves :
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels ; and expire¹⁹ the term
Of a despisèd life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail ! — On, lusty gentlemen !

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *The Same.* *A Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?
he shift a trencher !¹ he scrape a trencher !

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two
men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cupboard,² look to the plate. — Good thou, save me a piece
of marchpane ;³ and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in
Susan Grindstone, and Nell. — Anthony Potpan !

away those of others, and yet to be interested in them,—these and all
congenial qualities, melting into the common *copula* of them all, the man
of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellences and all its weaknesses,
constitute the character of Mercutio ! — COLERIDGE.

¹⁹ This way of using *expire* was not uncommon in the Poet's time.

¹ To *shift a trencher* was technical. Trenchers were used in Shake-
speare's time and long after by persons of fashion and quality.

² The *court-cupboard* was the ancient sideboard ; a cumbrous piece of
furniture, with shelves gradually receding to the top, whereon the plate was
displayed at festivals. — *Joint-stools* were what we call *folding-chairs*.

³ *Marchpane* was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. It
was a sweet-cake, composed of filberts, almonds, pistachios, pine kernels,
and sugar of roses, with a small portion of flour.

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.— Cheerly, boys ; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, JULIET, TYBALT, and others of the House, with the Guests and Masquers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome ! ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will have a bout⁴ with you : — Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty, she I'll swear, hath corns ; am I come near ye now ? — Gentlemen, welcome ! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor ; and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please ; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone : You're welcome, gentlemen ! — Come, musicians, play. — A hall, a hall !⁵ give room ! — and foot it, girls. —

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, you knaves ; and turn the tables up,⁶ And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. — Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well. Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin⁷ Capulet ; For you and I are past our dancing-days : How long is't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask ?

⁴ A *bout* was the same as a *turn* ; or, as we now say, "dance a figure."

⁵ An exclamation to make ring room in a crowd for any particular purpose, as we now say a *ring!* a *ring!*

⁶ The ancient *tables* were flat leaves or *boards* joined by hinges and placed on trestles ; when they were to be removed they were therefore *turned up*.

⁷ *Cousin* was a common expression for *kinsman*.

2 *Cap.* By'r Lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much :
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir ;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that ?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servant.*] What lady's that which doth en-
rich the hand
Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear !
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague : —
Fetch me my rapier, boy : — what, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman ! wherefore storm you so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
A villain, that has hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is't ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him ;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest :
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured :
What, goodman boy ! I say, he shall ; go to :
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.
You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my soul !
You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock a-whoop !⁸ you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why uncle, 'tis a shame —

Cap. Go to, go to ;
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed ?
This trick may chance to scathe⁹ you ; I know what :
You must contráry me ! marry, 'tis time. —
Well said,¹⁰ my hearts ! — You are a princox ;¹¹ go :

⁸ To *set cock a-whoop* means the same, apparently, as to *get up a row*, to spring a quarrel ; like cocks whooping or *crying* each other into a fight.

⁹ To *scathe* is to *hurt*, to *damage*, or *do an injury*.

¹⁰ *Well said* was in frequent use for *well done*. See vol. xi. page 129, note 5.

¹¹ Minsheu calls a *princox* " a ripe-headed young boy," and derives the word from the Latin *precox*. The more probable derivation is from *prime cock* ; that is, a *cock* of *prime* courage or spirit ; hence applied to a pert, conceited, forward person. So in the *Return from Parnassus* : " Your proud university *princox* thinkes he is a man of such merit, the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment."

Be quiet, or — More light, more light ! — For shame !
I'll make you quiet : what ! — Cheerly, my hearts !

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw ; but this intrusion shall

Now-seeming sweet convert to bitterest gall.¹² [*Exit.*

Rom. [*To JULIET.*] If I profane with my unworthingest
hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this :

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use — in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'¹³ sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*¹⁴

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O, trespass sweetly urged !
Give me my sin again. [*Kissing her again.*

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

¹² *Convert* is here a transitive verb; the sense being, "shall convert what now seems sweet to bitterest gall."

¹³ *Prayers* is here a dissyllable; in the next line, a monosyllable. There are a good many words which the Poet thus uses as of one or two syllables, indifferently, to suit the occasion of his verse.

¹⁴ In Shakespeare's time, the kissing of a lady at a social gathering seems not to have been thought indecorous. So, in *King Henry VIII.*, we have Lord Sands kissing Anne Boleyn, at the supper given by Wolsey.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous :
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?
O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.¹⁵

Ben. Away, be gone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.¹⁶ —

Is it e'en so? why, then I thank you all ;

I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night. —

More torches here ! — Come on, then, let's to bed.

[*To 2 CAP.*] Ah, sirrah, by my fay,¹⁷ it waxes late :

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

¹⁵ The meaning seems to be, that he has put his life in pledge to or at the mercy of his foe; or that what has just passed is likely to cost him his life. At the close of the preceding scene, Romeo's mind is haunted with a foreboding or presentiment of evil consequences from what he is going about. That presage is strengthened by what has just happened; and he naturally apprehends this new passion as in some way connected with the fulfilment of it. The whole thing is very finely conceived.

¹⁶ *Towards* is *ready, at hand*. — A *banquet*, or *rere-supper*, as it was sometimes called, was similar to our dessert.

¹⁷ *Fay* is a diminutive of *faith*; rather a small oath for such a fiery old man as the Capulet to swear.

Jul. Go, ask his name. — If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within, Juliet !*

Nurse. Anon, anon ! —
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair, for which love groan'd for,¹⁸ and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new belovèd anywhere :
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with éxtrême sweet. [*Exit.*

¹⁸ This doubling of a preposition was common with the old writers, and occurs divers times in these plays. See vol. v. page 48, note 15. — *Fair*, in this line, is used as a substantive, and in the sense of *beauty*. The usage was common.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Verona. An open Place adjoining the wall of CAPULET'S Orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.¹

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall:²
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too. —
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but *Ah me!* pronounce but *love* and *dove*;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young abram Cupid,³ he that shot so trim,

¹ By *dull earth* Romeo means himself; by *thy centre* Juliet. He has been a little uncertain, it seems, whether to *go forward*, that is, leave the place, or to do the opposite; and he now resolves upon the latter.

² *Orchard*, from *hort-yard*, was formerly used for *garden*.

³ *Abram* and *abraham* were certainly in use to denote a colour of the hair; what colour, is still somewhat in question. The fair inference from this passage seems to be, that *flaxen* was the colour signified; as Keightley, in his *Mythology*, tells us that "Eros is usually represented as a roguish boy, plump-cheeked and naked, with *light* hair floating on his shoulders."

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid! —
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The ape is dead,⁴ and I must conjure him. —
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle⁵
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it and conjured⁶ it down;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest; and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consorted with the humorous night:⁷
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,

The older poets were much given to celebrating hair of this colour. So in Browne's *Pastorals*: "Her *flaxen* hair, insnaring all beholders." And in Fawkes' *Apollonius Rhodius*:

Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair
 In easy ringlets flow'd her *flaxen* hair.

⁴ *Ape* was used as an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*.

⁵ In conjuring to "raise a spirit," the custom was to draw a circle, within which the spirit was to appear at the muttering of the charms or invocations.

⁶ In Shakespeare's time, *conjure* was pronounced indifferently with the first or the second syllable long; the two ways of pronouncing it not being then appropriated to the different senses of the word. Here the second syllable is long; while, just below, as also in Mercutio's preceding speech, the first is so.

⁷ The *humid*, the moist *dewy* night.

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars,⁸ when they laugh alone. —
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
 An open *et-cætera*, thou a poperin pear!⁹
 Romeo, good night: — I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:¹⁰
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *The Same.* CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.¹ —
 [JULIET appears above at a window.
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun! —
 Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,

⁸ *As*, the relative pronoun, was often used where we should use *which* or *that*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2: "Under these hard conditions *as* this time is like to lay upon us." — "The right virtue of the medlar" appears to have consisted in its being rotten before it was ripe. See vol. v. page 58, note 19.

⁹ *Poperin* was the name of a sort of pear introduced into England from Poperingues, in Flanders. It seems to have been a rather good-for-nothing variety of that fruit. With the old dramatists it was often made to serve as a point for witticisms, and the word is here used for the sake of a coarse quibble which it is not worth the while to explain.

¹⁰ The *truckle-bed* or *trundle-bed* was a bed for the servant or page, and was so made as to run under the "*standing-bed*," which was for the master. We are not to suppose that Mercutio slept in the servant's bed: he merely speaks of his *truckle-bed* in contrast with the *field-bed*, that is, the *ground*. See vol. vi. page 91, note 1.

¹ It may be needful to explain that Romeo has been overhearing the foregoing dialogue of Benvolio and Mercutio, and that he here refers to the jests with which Mercutio has been overflowing. He is not so carried away with the sense of his own "sweet wound," but that he can appreciate the merry humour of Mercutio's free and easy mind.

Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she :
 Be not her maid,² since she is envious ;
 Her vestal livery is but pale and green,
 And none but Fools³ do wear it ; cast it off. —
 It is my lady ; O, it is my love !
 O, that she knew she were !
 She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of that ?
 Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.
 I am too bold ; 'tis not to me she speaks :
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek !

Jul.

Ah me !

Rom.

She speaks. —

O, speak again, bright angel? for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a wingèd messenger of Heaven
 Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

² That is, be not a votary to the Moon, to Diana.

³ It seems that white and green were somewhat noted as the livery costume of professional Fools, those colours having been worn officially by Will Summers the celebrated Court-Fool of Henry the Eighth. Shakespeare has the same combination of colours in *Macbeth*, i. 7: "Wakes it now to look so *green* and *pale* at what it did so freely?"

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name ;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy ;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.⁴
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name !
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes⁵
Without that title. — Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;

⁴ The meaning appears to be, "Thou art thyself the same *in fact as if* thou wert not a Montague *in name.*" This sense is, I think, fairly required by the general tenour of the context. Juliet regards the name as an insuperable bar to her wishes ; and her argument is, that the repudiating or doffing of that name by Romeo would in no sort impair his proper self.

⁵ *Owes* for *owns*, as usual in Shakespeare.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound :
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.⁶

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore ?
The orchard-walls are high and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls ;
For stony limits cannot hold love out ;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let⁷ to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight ;
And, but⁸ thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued⁹ wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

⁶ *Dislike* in its old sense of *displease*. The use of *to like* in the opposite sense is very frequent. See vol. xii. page 169, note 22.

⁷ The old *let*, now obsolete, meaning *hindrance* or *impediment*.

⁸ *But*, again, in the exceptive sense of *be out*.

⁹ *Prorogued* is *put off*, or *postponed*.

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !¹⁰
 Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say *Ay* ;
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs.¹¹ O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.¹²
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed Moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Jul. O, swear not by the Moon, th' inconstant Moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

¹⁰ Farewell all disguises of complimentary or conventional form. Miranda, in *The Tempest*, iii. i, has a similar thought: "Hence, bashful cunning, and prompt me, plain and holy innocence!"

¹¹ This famous proverb is thus given in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Art of Love*:

For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
 And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.

¹² *Strange*, here, is *coy, distant, reserved*. Repeatedly so.

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say *It lightens*. Sweet, good night !
This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !¹³

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu ! —
Anon, good nurse ! — Sweet Montague, be true.

¹³ I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mastery in playing a distinctly rememberable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love-confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other ; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other. — COLERIDGE.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit above.*

Rom. O blessèd, blessèd night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world : —

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

Jul. I come, anon : — but, if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee —

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam

Jul. By-and-by, I come.
— To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul —

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [*Exit above.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. —
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books ;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring.*

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tercel-gentle¹⁴ back again !

¹⁴ The tercel is the male of the *goshawk*, and had the epithet *gentle*, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Tardif, in his book of *Falconry*, says that the tiercel has its name from being one of three birds usually found in the eyrie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the *third* a male ; hence called *tiercelet*, or the *third*. According to the old books of sport the falcon *gentle*, and tiercel *gentle* are birds for a prince.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse ¹⁵ than mine,
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My dear ?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail : 'tis twenty years till then.
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
 Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
 Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning ; I would have thee gone ;
 And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
 Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit above.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
 Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !—

¹⁵ "Her *airy tongue* more *hoarse*," though not strictly correct, is right poetically. So Milton, in *Comus* : "And *airy tongues* that syllable men's names."

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Same.* *Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;¹

And fleckèd² darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :

Now, ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier-câge of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.

The Earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb ;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb :³

And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find ;

Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :

For nought so vile that on the Earth doth live,

¹ The reverend character of the Friar, like all Shakespeare's representations of the great professions, is very delightful and tranquillizing, yet it is no digression, but immediately necessary to the carrying on of the plot. — COLERIDGE.

² *Fleckèd* is dappled, streaked, or variegated. Lord Surrey uses the word in his translation of the fourth *Æneid*: "Her quivering cheekes *fleckèd* with deadly stain."

³ Lucretius has the same thought: "Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulcrum." Likewise, Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, Book ii.: "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

But to the Earth some special good doth give ;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part ⁴ cheers each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposèd kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will ;
 And, where the worsèd is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

⁴ *That part* is the *odour* ; the part of a flower that affects the sense of smell.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded : both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies :
I bear no hatred, blessèd man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.⁵

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The Sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

⁵ *Shrift* is the old word for *confession* and *absolution*. Of course the order of the Confessional is referred to.

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
 And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence, then,
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And badest me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love now
 Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ;
 The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect⁶ I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household's rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ! I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely, and slow ; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Street,*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Why, where the Devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

⁶ *In one respect* means *on one consideration*, or *for one reason*. *Respect* was very often used in that sense.

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he's already dead ! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye ; shot thorough¹ the ear with a love-song ; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ;² and is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats,³ I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements.⁴ He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion ; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom : the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman of the very first House, — of the first and second cause.⁵ Ah, the immortal passado ! the punto reverso ! the hay !⁶

¹ *Through* and *thorough*, which are but different forms of the same word, were used indifferently in the Poet's time.

² The allusion is to archery. The clout, or white mark at which the arrows were aimed, was fastened by a black *pin*, placed in the centre of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman.

³ *Tybert*, the name given to a cat in the old story of *Reynard the Fox*. So in Dekker's *Satiromastix* : "Tho' you were *Tybert*, prince of long-tail'd cats." — *Prick-song* music was music *pricked* or written down, and so sung by *note*, not from memory, or as learnt by the ear.

⁴ *Complements* is *accomplishments* ; whatever arts and acquirements go to *complete* a man ; one of which was skill in the use of weapons.

⁵ That is, a gentleman of the highest rank among duellists ; one who will fire up and fight on the slightest provocation, — the first or second cause. See vol. v. page 107, note 8.

⁶ All the terms of the fencing-school were originally Italian ; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The word *hai*, you *have* it, was used when a thrust reached the antagonist. *Passado* was a pass or motion forwards ; *punto reverso* what we should term a back-handed stroke or thrust.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents! *By Jesu, a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good whore! —* Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,⁷ that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *Pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?⁸ O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.⁹ O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; — marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; — Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye¹⁰ or so, but not to the purpose. — Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.¹¹ You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

⁷ Humorously apostrophizing his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.

⁸ During the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great "boulstered breeches," it is said to have been necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, without which those *who stood on the new FORM* could not sit at ease on the old bench. Of course Mercutio is poking fun at the fantastical affectations of those smart rapier-and-dagger experts, with their fencing-school jargon, who explode in boyish ecstasies at every slight turn of agility, shouting *bon*, that is, *good*, or *well done*, as often as a clever thrust or parry occurs in the practice of their fellows.

⁹ A play, apparently, upon the first syllable of *Romeo*, and at the same time an equivoque or quibble upon *roe*, which, in one of its senses, is a female deer; perhaps, also, a further pun *implied* between *deer* and *dear*.

¹⁰ What we call *blue* eyes were commonly spoken of as *gray* in the Poet's time, as was also the *cerulean*, or the bluish gray of the sky. — *Hilding* was a term of contempt applied to the lowest menials of either sex. See vol. iv. page 78, note 1.

¹¹ *Slops* was a term for the large "boulstered" breeches or trousers that

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; ¹² can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it. ¹³

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well-flower'd. ¹⁴

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness! ¹⁵

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

were at one time in fashion. The word occurs in two or three other places of Shakespeare. See vol. iv. page 202, note 6.

¹² The quibble is well explained by Robert Greene in his *Thieves Falling Out, True Men Come by their Goods*: "And therefore he went out and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered with silver, which the common people call *slips*."

¹³ Meaning, thou hast retorted or answered *in kind*.

¹⁴ Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. It was the custom to wear ribands in the shoes formed in the shape of roses, or other flowers. So in *The Masque of Gray's-Inn, 1614*: "Every masquer's *pump* was fastened with a *flower* suitable to his cap."

¹⁵ Shakespeare repeatedly has *single* in the sense of *weak* or *feeble*. So that the meaning is, "O feeble-soul'd jest, only singular for the feebleness." Of course there is a quibble between *sole* and *soul*, as there also is between the different senses of *single*.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase,¹⁶ I have done ; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening ;¹⁷ it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril,¹⁸ that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad !

Rom. I stretch it out for that word *broad* ; which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love ? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo ; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature : for this drivelling love is like a great natural,¹⁹ that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.²⁰

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived ; I would have made it short :

¹⁶ One kind of horse-race which resembled the flight of *wild geese* was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow him wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasantry kept up here. "My wits fail," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly, "Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if thy wits run the *wild-goose chase*," &c.

¹⁷ The allusion is to an apple of that name.

¹⁸ Soft stretching leather, kid-skin. See vol. xii. page 208, note 2.

¹⁹ *Natural* was often used, as it still is, for a *fool*.

²⁰ This is a French idiom, and is equivalent to our "against the *grain*."

for I was come to the whole depth of my tale ; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear !²¹

Enter the Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail !

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. My fan,²² Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,²³ fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick²⁴ of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you !

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said : *for himself to mar*, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older

²¹ *Gear*, in old language, is any matter or business in hand.

²² In *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." So in *Love's Labours Lost*: "To see him walk before a lady, and to *bear her fan*."

²³ As before noted, (page 135, note 9,) this was a common form for *good even*, or *good evening*. It was the customary salutation after twelve o'clock at noon ; as it still is in some places. So Mercutio means it as a sportive correction of the Nurse's "good *morrow*" ; which answers to our "good *morning*."—"God ye good" for "God *give* ye good," of course.

²⁴ *Prick* was often used thus for *print* or *mark*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 1: "These many, then, shall die ; their names are *prick'd*."

when you have found him than he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault²⁵ of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith ; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite²⁶ him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So-ho !

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare,²⁷ sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[Sings.] *An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,*

Is very good meat in lent :

But a hare that is hoar is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent. —

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, — [Singing.] *lady, lady, lady.*²⁸ [Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell ! — I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?²⁹

²⁵ For *lack*, or in *default*, of a worse.

²⁶ *Indite* was probably meant as a humorous offset to the Nurse's *confidence*, which is a characteristic blunder for *conference*.

²⁷ It would seem, from this, that *so-ho!* was a common exclamation on finding a hare. — *Hoar*, or *hoary*, was often used of things that turn whitish from moulding ; much the same as in our *hoar-frost*.

²⁸ This was the burden of an old ballad. See vol. v. page 169, note 17.

²⁹ *Ropery* appears to have been sometimes used in the sense of *roguery* ; perhaps meaning *tricks* deserving the *rope*, that is, the gallows ; as *rope-tricks*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. So in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584 : "Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy *roperye*." — *Merchant* was often used as a term of reproach ; probably somewhat in the sense of *huckster* or *shopkeeper*.

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-Jills;³⁰ I am none of his skains-mates.³¹ — And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! — Pray you, sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's-paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee —

Nurse. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

³⁰ *Flirt-Fills* for what are sometimes called *jill-flirts*, that is, *flirting jills*; *Fill* being, of old, a common term for *girl* or *wench*, and a feminine correspondent to *Jack*; as in the proverb, "For every Jack there is a Jill." See vol. ii. page 203, note 10.

³¹ The only tolerable explanation of *skains-mates* was furnished by Staunton, who says a Kentish man told him that the term was formerly used in Kent in the sense of *scape-grace*. The Nurse is evidently speaking of Mercutio's supposed *female* companions, and telling what sorts of girls *she* is not to be classed with.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon at Friar Laurence' cell;
And there she shall be shrived and married. Here
Is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;³²
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in Heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord,
Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing, — O, there is a
nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife
aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very
toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say
so, she looks as pale as any clout in the 'versal world. Doth
not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

³² Like the stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. The image of a ship's tackle is continued in *high top-gallant* of the next line. *Stair* was once in common use for *flight of stairs*. — *Convoy* for *conveyance*.

Rom. Ay, nurse ; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee?³³ no ; I know it begins with some other letter : and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit* ROMEO.] — Peter !

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *The Same.* CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse ;
 In half an hour she promised to return.
 Perchance she cannot meet him ; — that's not so.
 O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glide than the Sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over louring hills :
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve
 Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me :
 But old folks move, i'faith, as they were dead ;

³³ Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says, "*R* is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound." And Nashe, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, speaking of dogs : "They *arre* and barke at night against the moone."

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and dull as lead.

O God, she comes!—

Enter the Nurse and PETER.

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

Th' excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:¹

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he: though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

¹ *Circumstance for particulars, or circumstantial details.* Repeatedly so.

Jul. No, no : but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I !
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side, O, my back, my back !

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I'faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a
virtuous, — Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ! why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oldly thou repliest !

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, —
Where is your mother ?

Nurse. O God's Lady dear !
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil !² Come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell ;
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks ;
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.³
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's-nest soon when it is dark :
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight ;

² *Coil* was often used for *tumult*, *bustle*, or *ado*. Here it is *fuss*.

³ That is, they *are sure* to flush and redden forthwith at any *talk of love* and *Romeo*. *They'll be* is not used in a *futuritial* sense here.

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go ; I'll to dinner : hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune ! — Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *The Same.* *Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the Heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare ;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds¹ the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Here comes the lady : O,
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower !²
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power !
A lover may bestride the gossamer

¹ To *destroy* is one of the old meanings of to *confound*. The Poet has it repeatedly in that sense. See vol. iii. page 180, note 39.

² Jonson, in his *Vision of Delight*, has a strain of exquisite delicacy that may have been suggested by this :

And thence did Venus learn to lead
Th' Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk,
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.

That idles in the wanton summer-air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly³ confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold th' imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit,⁴ more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy Church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

³ It is hardly needful to say that *ghostly* is here used in the sense of *spiritual*. So in the Confirmation Office of the Episcopal Church : "The spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and *ghostly* strength."

⁴ *Conceit* was always used in a good sense ; here it is *conception* or *imagination*.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Verona. A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy ; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two¹ such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou ! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast : thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes : what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel ? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat ; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling : thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor

¹ In the word *two* Mercutio plays on *to*, just used by Benvolio.

for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple² of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. —
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?³ an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason⁴ coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart;⁵ here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

² *Fee-simple* is an old law term for the strongest tenure of a thing; as of land held in absolute and perpetual right. See vol. vi. page 86, note 12

³ *Consort* is the old term for company or *band* of musicians. Tybalt uses it in the sense of *keep company* or *associate*; and Mercutio plays upon it.

⁴ *To reason* here means to *talk* or *converse*. See vol. ix. p. 267, note 46.

⁵ *Depart* in the sense of *part*, probably; that is, *separate*. The two words were used interchangeably. See vol. x. page 40, note 58.

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir : here comes my man.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery :
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this : Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting : ⁶ villain am I none :
Therefore farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injured thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as my own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
*A la stoccata*⁷ carries it away. —

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats,⁸ nothing but one of your nine
lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use
me hereafter, dry-beat⁹ the rest of the eight. Will you pluck
your sword out of his pilcher¹⁰ by the ears ? make haste, lest
mine be about your ears ere it be out.

⁶ The construction is, " the rage appertaining to such a greeting."

⁷ The Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.

⁸ Alluding to Tybalt's name. See page 168, note 3.

⁹ To *dry-beat* is to *cudgel soundly*. So in iv. 5, of this play : " I will *dry-beat* you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger."

¹⁰ *Pilche* was the name for an outer garment made of leather. Here *pilcher* evidently means *sheath* or *scabbard*. — *His* for *its*, as usual.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ; beat down their weapons. —

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage !

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets :

Hold, Tybalt ! good Mercutio !

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Friends.*

Mer. I am hurt :

A plague o' both your Houses ! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis enough. —
Where is my page ? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man ! the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world : a plague o' both your Houses ! — Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic ! — Why the Devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your Houses !
They have made worm's-meat of me : I have it,
And soundly too ; — your Houses !

[*Exit, led by BENVOLIO and Servants.*

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend,¹¹ hath got his mortal hurt

¹¹ " My *real* or *true* friend." *Very* in the sense of the Latin *verus*. Often so.

In my behalf ; my reputation's stain'd
 With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
 Hath been my kinsman ! — O sweet Juliet,
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel !

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead !
 That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,¹²
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend ;¹³
 This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
 Away to Heaven, respective¹⁴ lenity,
 And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now ! —

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again
 That late thou gavest me ; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company :
 Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
 Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determinè that.

[*They fight*; TYBALT falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone !
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

¹² The Poet uses both *aspire* and *arrive* as transitive verbs, or without the preposition. So in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*: "And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones." See vol. ix. page 106, note 1.

¹³ The unhappy destiny of this day *hangs over* other days yet to come.

¹⁴ *Respective* here means *considerate*; as we often have *respect* for *consideration*. — *Conduct*, in the next line, for *conductor* or *guide*. Repeatedly so.

Stand not amazed : the Prince will doom¹⁵ thee death,
If thou art taken : hence, be gone, away !

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool !¹⁶

Ben. Why dost thou stay ?

[*Exit* ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens and Officers.

1 Off. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Off. Up, sir, go with me ;
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter the Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, Lady
MONTAGUE, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
Th' unlucky manage¹⁷ of this fatal brawl :
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

L. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin ! O my brother's child !—
O Prince !— O husband !— O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman !— Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague. —
O cousin, cousin !

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay ;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice¹⁸ the quarrel was, and urged withal

¹⁵ To *doom* is, in one of its senses, to *decree* or *ordain*, and so takes two accusatives, as here. The Poet has it several times just so.

¹⁶ Fortune's *fool* is the *sport*, *mockery*, or *plaything* of fortune.

¹⁷ Discover in its old sense of *disclose* or *make known* ; and *manage* for *course* or *process*. Both of them frequent usages.

¹⁸ *Nice*, here, is *trifling*, *petty*, *insignificant*.

Your high displeasure : all this — utteréd
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd —
 Could not take truce ¹⁹ with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ; ²⁰
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and, swifter than his tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
 But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

L. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague ;
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give ;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

¹⁹ To *take truce* is old language for to *make peace*. — Here, as often, *spleen* is put for explosive or headlong impetuosity ; the spleen being formerly regarded as the seat of the eruptive passions. See vol. iii. page 13, note 17.

²⁰ This small portion of untruth in Benvolio's narrative is finely conceived. — COLERIDGE.

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.²¹ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Same.* CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging : such a wagoner
As Phaëthon would whip you to the West,
And bring in cloudy night immediately. —
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink,¹ and Romeo

²¹ The thought here expressed seems to have had the currency of a proverb. Shakespeare has it repeatedly, though in different language. — Perhaps I ought to note that *hour*, second line before, is a dissyllable. Often so. See vol. vi. page 160, note 28 ; also page 165, note 8.

¹ The difficulty of this passage seems to turn mainly upon the fact that it involves the figure of speech called *Prolepsis*. At any rate, *runaway*, as Warburton clearly saw, refers, beyond question, to Phœbus, the Sun, or day. Juliet has just been urging the "fiery-footed steeds" of day to hasten toward their master's lodging, and give "cloudy night" possession of the world. She now proceeds to repeat the same thought in language

Leap to these arms untalk'd-of and unseen. —
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. — Come, civil² night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,³
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,⁴
 With thy black mantle ; till strange⁵ love, grown bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night ;— come, Romeo, come, thou day in night ;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. —
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo ; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

and imagery still more intense ; addressing night as the mistress and keeper of the bed where the nimble-footed day is to sleep. Juliet *wishes* the day to speed his course with fiery haste, and therefore *proleptically* calls him *runaway*. In other words, she longs to have him play the runaway ; and for this cause she would have night prepare his couch at once, that so his prying eyes and babbling tongue may be quickly bound up in sleep. The whole, I think, may be put into a nutshell, thus : " You swift-footed steeds of Phœbus, run away with your master, and get him to his lodging forthwith ; and thou, Night, make ready his bed, that the runaway Phœbus may close his eyes in sleep at once, and thus give Romeo and me the benefit of silence and darkness." See Critical Notes.

² *Civil* for *grave, sober, decorous*. So in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4 : " Where is Malvolio ? — he is sad and *civil*, and suits well for a servant with my fortunes." Also in several other instances.

³ She is to lose her maiden freedom, and win a husband ; and so to " lose a winning match."

⁴ These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company ; and such a hawk was *hooded*, or *blinded*, to keep it from being scared. — *Bating* is fluttering or beating the wings as striving to fly away.

⁵ *Strange*, again, for *coy, shy, or bashful*. See page 160, note 12.

That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish⁶ Sun. —
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 'To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
 And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. —

Enter the Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. [*Throwing them down.*] Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious?⁷

Nurse. Romeo can,
 Though Heaven cannot: — O Romeo, Romeo! —
 Who ever would have thought it? — Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal Hell,
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *Ay*,
 And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:⁸
 I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;⁹

⁶ *Garish* is *gaudy, glittering*.

⁷ *Envious*, again, in the old sense of *malicious*.

⁸ Touching the marvellous power of this old fabulous beast, see vol. ix. page 235, note 4.

⁹ In Shakespeare's time the affirmative particle *ay* was commonly written *I*; hence this string of verbal or literal conceits, which is both

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer *ay*.

If he be slain, say *ay*; or, if not, *no* :

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —

God save the mark!¹⁰ — here on his manly breast :

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore-blood : I swoonèd at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart ! poor bankrupt, break at once !

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty !

Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here ;

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !

O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !

That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary ?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead ?

My dear-lovèd cousin, and my dearer lord ? —

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !

For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishéd ;

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banishéd.

Jul. O God ! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas the day, it did !

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !

poor enough in itself, and strangely out of place in such a stress of passion. The vapid quibble makes it necessary to retain the *I* twice where it has the sense of *ay*. There is further quibbling also between *I* and *eye*. A good deal of a thing, "whereof a little more than a little is by much too much."

¹⁰ This interjectional phrase was much used in the Poet's time, and he has it repeatedly. *Mark* appears to be put for *sign*, *token*, or *omen*. So that the meaning probably is, "May God bless the token!" or, "May God avert, or save us from, the omen!" that is, the consequences threatened or portended by it. It appears, also, that the mark put upon the doors of houses as a sign of the plague was called "God's mark." See vol. iii. page 138, note 4.

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
 But, O, it presses to my memory,
 Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banishéd!
 That *banishéd*, that one word *banishéd*,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.¹⁴ Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or— if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs—
 Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's dead*,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern¹⁵ lamentation might have moved?
 But with a rear-word following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banishéd!— to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. *Romeo is banishéd!*—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

gate or assuage the asperity of censure with which Romeo's name would be now mentioned.

¹⁴ Is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.

¹⁵ *Modern* is *trite, common, ordinary*. So in *As You Like It*, ii. 7: "Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be
spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. — Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowéd.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same.* *Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd ¹ from his lips ;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment ! be merciful, say *death* ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say *banishment*.

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banishéd :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But Purgatory, torture, Hell itself.
Hence-banishéd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death : then banishment
Is death misterm'd : calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word *death* to *banishment* :
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in Heaven,² and may look on her ;
But Romeo may not. More validity,³
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;

¹ A singular use of *vanish'd*, but very elegant withal.

² *Heaven*, as also *even*, *given*, and various other words ending in *-en*, is used indifferently by the Poet as one or two syllables. Here it is two ; in the first line of this speech it is one.

³ *Validity* is repeatedly employed to signify *worth*, *value*. By *courtship*, *courtesy*, *courtly behaviour* is meant.

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
 But Romeo may not, he is banishéd.
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly :
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But *banishéd* to kill me, — *banishéd* ?
 O friar, the damnèd use that word in Hell ;
 Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly cónfessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word *banishéd* ?

Fri. L. Thou fond⁴ mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banishéd.

Rom. Yet *banishéd* ? Hang up philosophy !
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not : talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes ?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murderéd,
 Doting like me, and like me banishéd,
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throws himself on the floor. Knocking within.*]

⁴ *Fond* here means *foolish* : often so used.

Fri. L. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I ; unless the 'breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking within.*]

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock ! — Who's there ? — Romeo,
arise ;

Thou wilt be taken. — Stay awhile ! — Stand up ;

[*Knocking within.*]

Run to my study. — By-and-by ! — God's will,

What simpleness is this ! — I come, I come ! [*Knocking within.*]

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your will ?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand ;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo ?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case !

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy !

Piteous predicament !

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. —
Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. [*Rising.*] Nurse ! —

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir ! Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
 With blood removed but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
 My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd⁵ love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
 And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
 And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
 And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her; as that name's cursèd hand
 Murder'd her kinsman. — O, tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. [Drawing his dagger.]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand!
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 Th' unreasonable fury of a beast:
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
 Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
 Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
 By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the Heaven, and Earth?
 Since birth, and Heaven, and Earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

⁵ The word *conceal'd* is to be understood of the *condition* of Juliet, not of her *person*; her marriage is concealed. There is a poor jingle of *conceal'd* and *cancell'd*; quite out of place withal.

And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man ;
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
 Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,⁶
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.⁷
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy :⁸ Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back

⁶ To understand this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using match-locks, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they carried their powder.

⁷ And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

⁸ Here, as also twice in what follows, *happy* is *lucky* or *fortunate*. Often so.

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
 And bid her hasten all the House to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
 To hear good counsel : O, what learning is ! —
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here is a ring, sir, that she bade me give you :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. L. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all your
 state : ⁹

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguised from hence.
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here.
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief so brief to part with thee :
 Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same.* *A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter.
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I. — Well, we were born to die. —

⁹ The meaning is, "your whole fortune depends on this."

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo. —
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

L. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she's mew'd-up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate ¹ tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me ; nay, more, I doubt it not. —
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —
But, soft ! what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ! ha, ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon ;
O' Thursday let it be : — o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl. —
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado, — a friend or two ;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone : o' Thursday be it, then. —
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. —
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho ! —

¹ *Desperate*, here, is *bold*, *confident*, as if he had said " I venture, or make bold, to promise you my daughter." — *Mew'd-up*, in the line before, is a term in falconry ; a *mew* being an enclosure where hawks were kept.

Afore me,² 'tis so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by. — Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *The Same.* *An open Gallery to JULIET'S Chamber, overlooking the Orchard.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree :³
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,⁴

² *Afore me* is a mild protestation, — a sort of oath, or oathlet.

³ A writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* gives the following on this passage : " Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful ; and therefore, in the South of Europe, and in the East, it has become the chief ornament of the garden. Chaucer puts his nightingale in ' a fresh green laurel-tree ' ; but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. ' The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day-time,' says Russel, in his account of Aleppo. A friend, whose observations as a traveller are as acute as his descriptions are graphic and forcible, informs us that throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate-trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia."

⁴ So in Sidney's *Arcadia* : " The moon, then full, not thinking scorn to be a torch-bearer to such beauty, guided her steps." And Sir John Davies's *Orchestra*, speaking of the Sun :

When the great torch-bearer of heaven was gone
Downe in a maske unto the ocean's court.

And light thee on thy way to Mautua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow ;⁵
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go : —
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so. —
How is't, my soul ? let's talk ; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division ;⁶
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say the lark and loathèd toad changed eyes ;
O, now I would they had changed voices too !⁷
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up⁸ to the day.

⁵ As Cynthia, or Diana, was a famous huntress, so the Moon, when she appeared as the segment of a circle, whether a little after or a little before a lunar change, was classically figured as Diana's bow. As the time represented in the text is a little before day-break, and as the Moon is apparently in the East, she is of course in a position to present that appearance. — *Reflex* is here used as but another form of *reflection*, and is put for *radiance* or *light*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 2: "As whence the Sun gives his *reflection*." See Critical Notes.

⁶ *Division*, in music, appears to have meant what is now called an *accompaniment*. See vol. xi. page 79, note 22.

⁷ The toad having very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying that *the toad and the lark had changed eyes*. The *croak* of the toad would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure.

⁸ The *hunt's-up* was originally a tune played to wake sportsmen, and call them together. It was a common burden of hunting-ballads. According to Cotgrave the *Reveille*, or morning song to a new married woman, was called

O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ; more dark and dark our woes !

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :
The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so ? my lord, my love, my friend !⁹
I must hear from thee every day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days :
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo !

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul !¹⁰
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

the *hunt's-up*. So Drayton, in his *Poly-Olbion* : " But *hunt's-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing." And in his third *Eclogue* : " Time plays the *hunt's-up* to thy sleepy head."

⁹ This closing of the series with *friend* sounds like an anti-climax to our ears, but it was not so in the Poet's time, and ought not to be so now.

¹⁰ Romeo, as we have seen, was haunted with a like foreboding of evil on going to the Capulet's feast. The circumstance is eminently judicious and beautiful in both cases ; gently preparing us for the catastrophe, and at the same time chastening our sympathy with the mutual enchantment of the lovers.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu ! [*Exit below.*]

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune ! all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, Fortune ;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

L. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter ! are you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? is it my lady mother ?
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?¹¹
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

L. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet !

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

L. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live ;
Therefore have done : some grief shows much of love ;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

L. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

L. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

¹¹ Mr. P. A. Daniel says, " I don't know how any sense can be made of this line." As the morning has just begun to dawn, Juliet may well think it very late for her mother not to have gone to bed, and yet rather early for her to have got up : so she naturally asks, " Has she not been a-bed all night, or has she just risen ? " The Poet is something fond of playing thus between *early* and *late*. So in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3 : " To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes."

Jul. What villain, madam? —

L. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside.*] Villain and he be many miles asunder. —
[*To her.*] God pardon him? I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like¹² he doth grieve my heart.

L. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

L. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, —
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, —
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, — and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

L. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

L. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child!
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

¹² This is not a breach of grammar, even according to our usage. *Like* is used conjunctively, not as a preposition, and so is equivalent to *as*. See vol. iii. page 72, note 15.

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time,¹³ what day is that?

L. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris,¹⁴ at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.

L. Cap. These are news indeed !
Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and the Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright. —
How now ! a conduit,¹⁵ girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;

¹³ *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected when the hearer was not so well pleased as the speaker.

¹⁴ *County*, or *countie*, was the usual term for an earl in Shakespeare's time. Paris is in this play first styled a *young earle*.

¹⁵ The same image, which was in frequent use with Shakespeare's contemporaries, occurs in Brooke's poem : " His sighs are stopt, and stopped in the *conduit* of his tears."

Who, — raging with thy tears, and they with them, —
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossèd body. — How now, wife !
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

L. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
 I would the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft ! take me with you,¹⁶ take me with you, wife.
 How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
 Is she not proud ? doth she not count her bless'd,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful that you have :
 Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic !¹⁷ What is this ?
Proud, and yet *not proud*, and, *I thank you not* ;
 And yet *I thank you*. Mistress minion, you,
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But fettle¹⁸ your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !
 You tallow-face !¹⁹

¹⁶ That is, *let me understand you* ; like the Greek phrase, " Let me go along with you."

¹⁷ Capulet uses this as a nickname. " Choplogyk is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will give him xx wordes for one, or elles he will bydde the devylles paternoster in scylence." — *The xxxiii Orders of Knaves*.

¹⁸ *Fettle* is an old provincial word, meaning *put in order, arrange, or make ready*. So in Hall's *Satires*: " But sells his team and *fettleth* to the war." And in Silvester's *Maiden Blush*: " They to their long hard journey *fettleing* them."

¹⁹ In the age of Shakespeare, authors not only employed these terms of abuse in their original performances, but even in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator

L. Cap. Fie, fie ! what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient wretch !
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face :
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;
My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had sent us but this only child ;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in Heaven bless her ! —
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good-den.

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool !
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl ;
For here we need it not.

L. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad : day, night, late,
early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd : and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man ;

of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas *hedge-brat*, *cullion*, and *tar-breech*,
in the course of one speech.

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet,²⁰ in her fortune's tender,
 To answer *I'll not wed, — I cannot love,*
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me. —
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :²¹
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets ;
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to't, bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief? —
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

L. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[*Exit.*

Jul. O God ! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on Earth, my faith in Heaven :²²
 How shall that faith return again to Earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from Heaven
 By leaving Earth? Comfort me, counsel me. —
 Alack, alack, that Heaven should practice stratagems

²⁰ This word occurs again in *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 3: "This is no world to play with *mammets* and to tilt with lips"; and is there explained (note 12) "*puppets* or *dolls*." That explanation has been disputed, but is confirmed by the use of the word in the present instance. — "In her fortune's tender" is "in the offer which her good fortune makes to her."

²¹ That is, "bethink yourself in good earnest," or "take it seriously to heart." So the Poet often uses *advise*.

²² Meaning, probably, that her marriage vows are registered in Heaven.

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
 Is banishéd; and all the world to nothing,²³
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green,²⁴ so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you're happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first; or, if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living hence, and you no use of him.²⁵

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; or else beshrew them
 both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

²³ A wager, apparently: "I'll stake all the world against nothing." Or, perhaps, "the chances are as all the world to nothing, that he dares," &c.

²⁴ What is now called a *hazel* eye was described as *green* in the Poet's time, and was esteemed the most beautiful. So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*: "O, vouchsafe with that thy rare *green* eye." And Lord Bacon says that "eyes somewhat large, and the circles of them inclined to *greenness*, are signs of long life."

²⁵ The old woman, true to her vocation, and fearful lest her share in these events should be discovered, counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris; and the moment which unveils to Juliet the weakness and baseness of her confidante is the moment which reveals her to herself. She does not break into upbraidings; it is no moment for anger; it is incredulous amazement, succeeded by the extremity of scorn and abhorrence, which takes possession of her mind. She assumes at once and asserts all her own superiority, and rises to majesty in the strength of her despair. — MRS. JAMESON.

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done. [Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most cursèd fiend !
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times ? — Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. —
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy :
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Verona. Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir ? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.¹

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is the course ; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

¹ Here the words, taken strictly, express just the opposite of what is evidently intended. But the language is probably elliptical: "I am not at all slow, *that I should* slack his haste." Or, "I am nothing backward, *so as* to restrain his haste." The Poet has several like instances. So in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3: "I have seen th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, to be exalted with the threatening clouds"; that is, "*so as* to be exalted." See Critical Notes.

And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;
 And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,²
 To stop the inundation of her tears ;
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society :
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be
 slow'd.³ —

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That *may be* must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
 For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;
 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

² *Marriage* is here a trisyllable. So it was often used in poetry.

³ To *slow* and to *forslow* were formerly in common use.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. —
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?⁴

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now. —
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion ! —
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye :
Till then, adieu ; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door ! and, when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past help !

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,⁵
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that

⁴ This has commonly been noted as an error, on the ground of there being no such thing as *evening* Mass. But it appears that the Roman Catholics did, as, I believe, they still do, sometimes celebrate Mass in the evening, or at the time of what is called Vespers.

⁵ The seals of deeds were formerly stamped on distinct slips or labels, which were attached to the instrument. See vol. x. page 229, note 6.

Which the commission⁶ of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter : I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copes⁷ with death himself to 'scape from it ;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chopless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear⁷ them told, have made me tremble ;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off ;

⁶ *Commission* is here equivalent to *authority*. Often so.

⁷ The infinitive used gerundively again: *in hearing*. See page 130, note 16.

When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,⁸
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come : and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame ;
 If no inconstant toy,⁹ nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

⁸ The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the face *uncovered*, Shakespeare found particularly described in Brooke's poem :

An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
 Borne to their church, *with open face upon the beere he lyes,*
In wonted weed attyrde, not wrapped in winding sheete.

⁹ *Toy* was often used in the sense of *fancy* or *whim*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 4 :
 "The very place puts *toys* of desperation into every brain that looks so
 many fathoms," &c.

Jul. Give me, O, give me ! tell not me of fear.

Fri. L. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength ! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same.* A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, the Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ. —

[*Exit* 1 Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.¹

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll try if they can
lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own
fingers :² therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not
with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. —

[*Exit* 2 Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. —

¹ The Poet has been suspected of an oversight or something worse, in making Capulet give order here for so many "cunning cooks." The passage is in keeping with Shakespeare's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is a man of ostentation ; but his ostentation is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first Act he says to his guests, "We have a trifling foolish banquet toward." In the third Act, when he settles the day of Paris' marriage, he just hints, "We'll keep no great ado ; — a friend, or two." But Shakespeare knew that these indications of "the pride which apes humility" were not inconsistent with the "twenty cooks." — KNIGHT.

² This adage is in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589 :

As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chicke:
A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :
A peevish, self-will'd harlotry³ it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests ; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county ; go tell him of this :
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;
And gave him what becomèd⁴ love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well ; stand up ;
This is as't should be. — Let me see the county ;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. —
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

L. Cap. No, not till Thursday ; there is time enough.

³ *Harlotry* was a general term of reproach; not to be taken literally here. See vol. xi. page 78, note 20.

⁴ *Becomèd* for *becoming*. The old writers furnish many such instances of the active and passive forms used interchangeably. So we have very often *beholding* instead of *beholden*. See vol. v. page 70, note 4.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her : we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt* JULIET and Nurse.]

L. Cap. We shall be short in our provision :

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up :

I'll not to bed to-night ; let me alone ;

I'll play the housewife for this once. — What, ho ! —

They are all forth : well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow : my heart's wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The Same.* JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and the Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross¹ and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

L. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all

In this so sudden business.

¹ *Cross* is *perverse*, or *athwart the line of rectitude*. So Milton, in his *Tetrachordon*, speaks of " *crossness* from the duties of love and peace."

L. Cap. Good night :
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me. —
Nurse ! — what should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
Come, vial. —

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Must I of force² be married to the county ?
No, no ; this shall forbid it : — lie thou there. —

[*Laying down her dagger.*³

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear it is ; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man :
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —

² *Of force is necessarily, or of necessity.*

³ "Daggers," says Gifford, "or, as they are commonly called, knives, were worn at all times by every woman in England ; whether they were so in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell."

As in a vault, and ancient réceptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;⁴
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festering in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ; —
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
 So early waking, — what with loathsome smells ;
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;⁵ —
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environéd with all these hideous fears ?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 O, look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point : — stay, Tybalt, stay ! —
 Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[*Drinks, and throws herself on the bed.*]

⁴ This idea may have been suggested to the Poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.

⁵ "The *mandrake*," says Thomas Newton in his *Herbal*, "has been idly represented as a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther, and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried." So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, 1623: "I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*, and am grown *mad* with it." See vol. viii. page 202, note 17.

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter Lady CAPULET and the Nurse.

L. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.¹

[*Exit.*

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.² —
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

L. Cap. Go, go, you cot-quean,³ go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

¹ *Pastry* here stands for the *room* where the pastry was made, or kept.

² I do not well understand this. The time, if the text be right, is three o'clock in the morning; and no curfew-bell was rung at or near that hour. — *Curfew* is from the French *couvre feu*, *cover fire*; and the bell-ringing so called was the signal of bed-time. So in Peshall's *History of the City of Oxford*: "The custom of ringing the bell every night at *eight* o'clock (called *Curfew Bell*, or *Cover-fire Bell*) was by order of King Alfred, the restorer of our University, who ordained that all the inhabitants of Oxford should, at the ringing of that bell, cover up their fires and go to bed; which custom is observed to this day; and the bell as constantly rings at eight, as Great Tom tolls at nine." Also in *Articles for the Sexton of Faversham*, 1532: "Imprimis, the sexton, or his sufficient deputy, shall lye in the church steeple; and at *eight* o'clock every night shall ring the curfewe by the space of a quarter of an hour." It is possible, however, that the name was transferred to other bell-rings; and we learn that in some places of England a bell was formerly rung at four in the morning. See Critical Notes.

³ A *cot-quean* is a man who busies himself too much in women's affairs. Well instanced in Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, ii. 2: "Don Lucio? Don *Cot-Quean*, Don Spinster! wear a petticoat still, and put on your smock o' Monday; I will have a baby o' clouts made for it, like a great girl." The word was so used as late as Addison's time. See *The Spectator*, No. 482.

Cap. No, not a whit : what ! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

L. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt⁴ in your time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exit Lady CAPULET.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood,⁵ a jealous-hood ! —

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,

What's there ?

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*] — Sirrah,
fetch drier logs :

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson, ha !
Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good faith, 'tis day :
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would : I hear him near. — [*Music within.*]
Nurse ! — wife ! — what, ho ! — what, nurse, I say !

Re-enter the Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up :
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste ; the bridegroom he is come already :
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ The animal called the *mouse-hunt* is the martin, which, being of the weasel tribe, prowls about in the night for its prey. "Cat after kinde, good *mouse-hunt*," is one of Heywood's proverbs.

⁵ *Jealous-hood* is but another word for *jealousy*.

SCENE V. — *The Same.* JULIET'S Chamber; JULIET on the bed.

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! why, bride!—
 What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
 The County Paris hath set up his rest,¹
 That you shall rest but little. — God forgive me,
 Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
 I must needs wake her. — Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
 He'll fright you up, i'faith. — Will it not be?
 What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!—
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
 Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho! — My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

L. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

L. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

L. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! —
 Help, help! — call help.

¹ To *set up one's rest* is an old phrase meaning to *make up one's mind, to be resolved*. See vol. iii. page 141, note 16.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack the day !

L. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her. Out, alas ! she's cold ;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;
Life and these lips have long been separated :
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day !

L. Cap. O woeful time !

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return. —

O son ! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy bride : see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, defloweréd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir ;
My daughter he hath wedded : I will die,
And leave him all ; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

L. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight !

Nurse. O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful day !
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,

That ever ever I did yet behold !
 O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
 Never was seen so black a day as this :
 O woeful day, O woeful day !

Par. Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain !
 Most détestable Death, by thee beguiled,
 By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown ! —
 O love ! O life ! not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despised, distressèd, hated, martyr'd, kill'd !
 Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
 To murder, murder our solemnity ? —
 O child ! O child ! my soul, and not my child !
 Dead art thou, dead ! — alack, my child is dead ;
 And with my child my joys are buriéd !

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lies not
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid ; now Heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid :
 Your part in her you could not keep from death ;
 But Heaven keeps His part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was her promotion ;
 For 'twas your Heaven she should be advanced :
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
 Above the clouds, as high as Heaven itself ?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
 She's not well married that lives married long ;
 But she's best married that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church :
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordainèd festival

Turn from their office to black funeral :
 Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
 Our wedding-cheer to a sad burial-feast ;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse ;
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in, — and, madam, go with him ; —
 And go, Sir Paris ; — every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
 The Heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;
 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.

I Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit.

I Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.²

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, Heart's ease* :
 O, an you will have me live, play *Heart's ease*.

I Mus. Why *Heart's ease* ?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays *My heart is full of woe* :³ O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

² As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable. But it is a strong warning to minor dramatists not to introduce at one time many separate characters agitated by one and the same circumstance. It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produce; the occasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's character, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion. — COLERIDGE.

³ This is the burden of the first stanza of *A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers* : "Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe." — A *dump* was formerly the term for a grave or melancholy strain in music, vocal or instrumental. It also signified a kind of poetical elegy. A *merry dump* is no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the mouth of Master Peter.

I Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then ?

I Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

I Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith ; but the gleeck ; I will give you the minstrel.⁴

I Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets : I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you ; do you note me ?

I Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ! I will dry-beat you with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men :

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound⁵ —*

why *silver sound* ? why *music with her silver sound* ? —
What say you, Simon Catling ?⁶

I Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! — What say you, Hugh Rebeck ?

⁴ A pun is here intended. A *gleekman*, or *gligman*, is a *minstrel*. To give the *gleek* meant also to pass a jest upon a person, to make him appear ridiculous ; a *gleek* being a *jest* or *scoff*.

⁵ This is part of a song by Richard Edwards, to be found in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*. Another copy of the song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

⁶ This worthy takes his name from a small lutestring made of catgut ; his companion the fiddler, from an instrument of the same name mentioned by many of our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument of mirth :

When the merry bells ring round,
And the joyful *rebecks* sound.

2 Mus. I say, *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! — What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is *music with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:

*Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.* [Exit.

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! — Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Mantua. A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead, —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHAZAR.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthazar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! —
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight. —

[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means. — O mischief, thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary, —
 And hereabouts he dwells, — which late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples;¹ meagre were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

¹ *Simples* is, properly, *medicinal herbs*, but used for *medicines* generally.

An alligator stuff'd,² and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account³ of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need ;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house :
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —
 What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter the Apothecary.

Apoth.

Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor ;
 Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
 A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apoth. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters⁴ them.

² We learn from Nash's *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuffed alligator then made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop : " He made an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's crocodile* or *dried alligator*."

³ An *account*, as the word is here used, is simply an *array*.

⁴ To *utter*, in the sense of to *sell* or to *vend*, is now out of use except in the technical language of the law.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apoth. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell :
 I sell thee poison ; thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh. —
 Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
 To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Verona.* *Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John. —
 Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo?
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
 One of our order, to associate me,¹

¹ Each friar had always a companion assigned him by the superior, when he asked leave to go out. In the *Visitatio Notabilis de Seleborne*, a curious

Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo ?

Fri. J. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
 The letter was not nice,² but full of charge
 Of dear impórt ; and the neglecting it
 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence ;
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
 Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone :
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
 She will beshrew me much that Romeo
 Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
 But I will write again to Mantua,
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;
 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb ! [*Exit.*

record printed in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, "ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur." There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge.

² *Nice*, again, in the sense of *trivial* or *unimportant*. See page 186, note 18.

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread —
Being loose, unfirm, with digging-up of graves —
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside.*] I am almost afraid to stay alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew:
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep. —
[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursèd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rites?
What, with a torch! — Muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHAZAR with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching-iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is partly to behold my lady's face ;
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone.
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that :
 Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside.*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout :
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the Earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
 [*Breaking open the door of the monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
 That murder'd my love's cousin, — with which grief,
 It is supposèd, the fair creature died, —
 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him. — [*Advances*
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague !
 Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
 Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee :
 Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed ; and therefore came I hither.
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;

Fly hence, and leave me : think upon these gone ;
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
 Put not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
 By Heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself.
 Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say,
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy !

[*They fight.*]

Page. O Lord, they fight ! I will go call the watch.

[*Exit.* — PARIS falls.]

Par. O, I am slain ! — If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will. — Let me peruse this face.
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !
 What said my man, when my betossèd soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave ; —
 A grave? O, no, a lantern,¹ slaughter'd youth ;

¹ A *lantern*, here, is not what we mean by the word, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium* ; that is, a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and sometimes halls are illuminated ; such as the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster. The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's *Siege of Edinburgh Castle* : "This lofty seat and *lantern* of that land like lodestarræ stode, and lokte o'er ev'ry streete." And in Holland's translation of Pliny : "Hence came the louvers and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples." — *Presence*, second line after, is a *presence-chamber*, the most splendid apartment of a royal palace, especially when lighted for a feast.

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Dead, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.² —

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry !³ which their keepers call
 A lightning before death :⁴ O, how may I
 Call this a lightning ? — O my love ! my wife !
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there. —
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
 Forgive me, cousin ! — Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair ? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous ;⁵
 And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps

² Romeo speaks of himself as already dead, because he "came hither" on purpose to die, and will "never from this palace of dim night depart again."

³ Accordingly, Mercutio, in this play, goes to his death, with his spirit bubbling over in jests. Shakespeare was familiar no doubt with the instance of Sir Thomas More, who at once deepened and sweetened the tragedy of the scaffold with his playful speech : as Wordsworth gives it,

More's gay genius played
 With th' inoffensive sword of native wit,
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

⁴ This idea frequently occurs in old dramas.' So in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601: "I thought it was a lightning before death, too sudden to be certain."

⁵ A connection is traceable between parts of this speech and some lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, published in 1592.

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee ;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. — Eyes, look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—
 Come, bitter conduct,⁶ come, unsavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark !
 Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*] — O true apothecary !
 Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE,
 with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves !⁷ — Who's there ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it ?

⁶ *Conduct* for *conductor*. So in a former scene: "And fire-eyed fury be my *conduct* now."

⁷ This accident was reckoned ominous. So in *King Richard III.*, Hastings, going to execution, says, "Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did *stumble*."

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir :

My master knows not but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then ; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.⁸

Fri. L. Romeo ! — [Advancing.
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?

[Enters the monument.

Romeo ! O, pale ! Who else ? what, Paris too !
And steep'd in blood ? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !

The lady stirs. [JULIET wakes.

Jul. O comfortable⁹ friar ! where's my lord ?
I do remember well where I should be,

⁸ This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural ; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. — STEEVENS.

⁹ *Comfortable* as *giving* comfort, not as *feeling* it. The passive form with an active sense. The word is often used thus.

And there I am : where is my Romeo? [Noise within.]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep :
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away :
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
And Paris too : come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
Come, go, good Juliet. [Noise again.] I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. —

[Exit Friar LAURENCE.]

What's here? a cup closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless¹⁰ end. —

O churl ! drink all, and leave no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips ;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

[Kisses him.]

Thy lips are warm !

I Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy : which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. — O happy dagger !

[Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.]

This is thy sheath ; [Stabs herself.] there rest, and let me
die.

[Falls on ROMEO'S body, and dies.]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth
burn.

I Watch. The ground is bloody ; search about the church-
yard. —

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach. —

[Exeunt some of the Watch.]

¹⁰ *Timeless* for *untimely*. Repeatedly so. See vol. x. page 210, note 2.

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;
 And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
 Go, tell the Prince ; — run to the Capulets ; —
 Raise up the Montagues ; — some others search. —

[*Exeunt others of the Watch.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch with BALTHAZAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man ; we found him in the
 churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :
 We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

L. Cap. The people in the street cry *Romeo*,
 Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris* ; and all run,
 With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears ?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain ;
 And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
 Warm, and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

I Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man ;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O Heaven !—O wife, look how our daughter bleeds !
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,¹¹ —
And is mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom !

L. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage¹² for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. —

¹¹ The words "for, lo, his house is empty on the back of Montague," are parenthetical. It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So in *Humor's Ordinarie*: "See you yon huge bum dagger at his back?" And in *The Longer Thou Livest The More Fool Thou Art*, 1570: "Thou must wear thy sword by thy side, and thy dagger handsomly at thy backe."

¹² *Outrage* appears to have been used as a strong word for *clamour* or *outcry*. See Critical Notes.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.¹³

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnèd and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris : then comes she to me ;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident ; and yesternight

¹³ "The parties of suspicion" are, of course, the *suspected parties*.—
The ending *-cion* is here meant to be dissyllabic ; as *patience*, in the pre-
ceding line, is also meant to be a trisyllable. Such was the old usage,
which was passing away in the Poet's time.

Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,
 At the prefixèd hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely¹⁴ at my cell
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But when I came, — some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, — here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of Heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. —
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
 And then in post¹⁵ he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter ; I will look on it. —
 Where is the county's page, that raised the watch? —
 Sirrah, what made¹⁶ your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave ;
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :

¹⁴ *Closely* is *secretly*. So the adjective *close* very often.

¹⁵ *In post* is *in haste* ; with the speed of a postman.

¹⁶ "What *did* your master?" or, "what *was* he *doing*?"

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
 And by-and-by my master drew on him ;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
 Where be these enemies ? — Capulet, — Montague,
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love !
 And I, for winking at your discords too,
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen : ¹⁷ all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand :
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
 That, while Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings ;
 The Sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished : ¹⁸

¹⁷ Mercutio and Paris. Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kinsman in iii. 4 ; and that Paris was also the Prince's kinsman, may be inferred from what Romeo says : " Let me peruse this face. *Mercutio's kinsman*, noble County Paris."

¹⁸ This line has reference to Brooke's poem ; in which the Nurse is banished for concealing the marriage ; Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders ; the Apothecary is hanged ; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

near Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquility.—The story of Romeo and Juliet is held at Verona to be true. A tradition lives there, that the lovers were buried in the crypt of the Franciscan convent of Fenne Maggiore; and a stone sarcophagus, which was removed from the ruins of that building after its destruction by fire, is still shown at Verona as Juliet's tomb.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 123. *When I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, &c.*—So the undated quarto. The other old copies have *civil* instead of *cruel*.

P. 126. *Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let go.*—The old text reads “let me go.” As this and the following line were evidently meant to be a rhyming couplet, Walker is clearly right in proposing to omit *me*.

P. 126. *Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainèd soil, &c.*—The second of these lines is not in the first quarto, and the other old copies have *steele* instead of *soil*. But what can be the sense or the application of *steel* here? The reading in the text was proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

P. 128. *I—measuring his affections by my own,
That are most busied when they're most alone —
Pursued my humour, &c.*—The second of these lines is from the first quarto. The other old copies have, instead, two lines, as follows:

Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe.

This is, to say the least, exceedingly obscure. The late Professor Allen, of Philadelphia, proposed to substitute *more* for the second *most*. This would perhaps rectify the *logic* of the passage.

P. 129. *Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.*—The old text has *same* instead of *Sun*. As the word was probably written *sunne*, the misprint was easy. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 130. *Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms.*—So the undated quarto. The first has “*best seeming thinges*”; those of 1599 and 1609, and also the folio, have “*welseeing formes.*”

P. 130. *Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes.*—Johnson proposed *urged* instead of *purged*, and Collier's second folio substitutes *puff'd*. I see no need of change. See foot-note 17.

P. 131. *Tell me in sadness, who 'tis that you love.*—The first quarto reads “*whom she is you love*”; the other old copies, “*who is that you love.*” The reading in the text is Singer's.

P. 131. *From Love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd.*—So Collier's second folio. The first quarto reads “*Gainst Cupids childish bow she lives unharm'd.*” The other old editions read “*From loves weake childish Bow she lives uncharm'd.*” Lettsom thinks the right text to be, “*'Gainst Love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd.*” But surely *from* may here be taken as equivalent to *against*. See foot-note 19.

P. 131. *O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.*—So Theobald. The old copies read “*with beautie dies her store.*”

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 133. *And too soon marr'd are those so early married.*—So the first quarto and Collier's second folio. The other old copies have *made* instead of *married*. Singer, who adopts *married*, quotes from Puttenham's *Arte of Poesy*: “The maid that soon *marrièd*, soon *marrèd* is.” Also from Flecknoe's *Epigrams*: “You're to be *marr'd*, or *married*, as they say.” Of course, in all these cases, a jingle on the words is intended; and it is but fair to add that *marred* and *made* were often used together with a like intent.

P. 133. *The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she.*—So the undated quarto. The other old copies have “*Earth hath swallowèd all my hopes but she.*” But the line cannot be made to run rhythmically by retaining the *-ed* in *swallow'd*.

P. 134. *And like her most whose merit most shall be :*

Whilst, on more view of many, mine, being one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning none. — In the second of these lines, the first quarto reads “*Such amongst view of many,*” &c.; the other old copies, “*Which on view,*” &c. The correction, *Whilst* for *Which*, is Mason’s, and appears much the simplest way of rectifying the passage that has been proposed.

P. 135. *County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters.* — The old copies have *Anselme*. Of course, the slight change is for metre’s sake. In the originals the whole list is printed as prose; but Capell justly observes that, with this change and the one next to be noted, “it resolves itself into nine as complete Iambicks as any in Shakespeare, nor can it be made prose without a great deal more altering than goes to making it verse.”

P. 135. *My fair niece Rosaline and Livia.* — The old copies lack *and*, which is inserted for the reason stated in the preceding note.

P. 136. Rom. *Whither ?*

Serv. *To our house to supper.* — In the old copies, the words *to supper* are misplaced at the end of the preceding speech. They were transferred to the Servant by Warburton; and rightly, beyond question.

P. 137. *Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,*

Herself poised with herself in either eye :

But in that crystal scales let there be weigh’d

Your lady-love against some other maid, &c. — In the first of these lines, the originals are without the second *tut*. Inserted in the second folio. Also, in the fourth line, the old copies have *Ladies love*. Corrected by Theobald.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 141. *The fish lives in the shell ; and ’tis much pride*

For fair without the fair within to hide. — The old copies read

“The fish lives in the *Sea*”; which Farmer explains thus: “The fish is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon.” Still the old text seems to me little better than stark nonsense; nor can I see any more fitness in the explanation than in the allusion

itself. The reading here given is Mason's; who notes upon the passage as follows: "The purport of the remainder of this speech is to show the advantage of having a handsome person to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore that, instead of 'the fish lives in the *sea*,' we should read 'the fish lives in the *shell*.' For the *sea* cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a *shell* may." This appears so just, that I could not bear to retain the old reading, which has no conceivable relevancy to the context.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 144. *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,*
Or — save your reverence — love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. — So the folio. The first quarto has "*Of this surreverence, love*"; the other quartos, "*Or save you reverence love.*" Recent editors print variously: Collier, "the mire Of this *save*-reverencé love"; Singer, "the mire Of this surreverence love"; White, "the mire Of this *sir*-reverence Love"; Dyce, "the mire Of this *sir*-reverence love"; Staunton, "the mire, Or (save your reverence) love."

P. 144. *Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.* — The old editions read "our *fine* wits." Corrected by Malone.

P. 144. *O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.*
She is the fairy midwife; &c. — The old copies have "the *Fairies* Midwife." As the word was probably written *Fairie*, it might easily be printed *Fairies*. The correction was proposed by Thomas Warton. See foot-note 14.

P. 145. *Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,*
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs; &c. — In the old copies, the first three of these lines are placed down after the seventh line below the last, thus:

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, &c.

I make the transposition in accordance with the excellent judgment of Lettsom, who observes that "it is preposterous to speak of the parts of

the chariot (such as the wagon-spokes and cover) before mentioning the chariot itself." Perhaps I ought to add that all the old copies except the first quarto print this speech as prose. Pope dressed it into verse.

P. 145. *Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,*

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit. — Collier's second folio substitutes *counsellor's* for *courtier's*; perhaps rightly, as we have in the fifth line above "O'er *courtiers'* knees." The first quarto has "a *lawyers' lap*"; and Pope reads "a *lawyer's nose*": but we have "O'er *lawyers' fingers*" in the fourth line above: besides, the *suit* which the courtier "dreams of smelling out" is, as Warburton remarks, "not a *suit at law*, but a *Court-solicitation*."

P. 145. *Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep.* — So the first quarto and Lettsom. The other old copies, "a Parsons nose *as 'a* lies asleep."

ACT I., SCENE 5.

P. 147. *Let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.* — *Anthony Potpan!* — So Dyce. The old copies have "Anthonie *and* Potpan." Probably the *and* crept in here by mistake from the preceding clause. At all events, as only one servant replies, it is clear enough that only one is meant.

P. 148. Gentlemen, welcome! *ladies that have toes, &c.* — Here, and also in the fifth line below, the old text reads "*Welcome, Gentlemen.*" In both places I transpose the words for metre's sake. Lettsom would read "*You're welcome, gentlemen,*" in both places. This would make the next foot an anapest in either verse; but is not so simple a way of rectifying the metre as the transposition made by Hammer.

P. 149. *Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night*

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. — So the second folio. The earlier editions read "*It seems she hangs,*" &c. The later reading is surely enough better to warrant its retention. And, as Steevens notes, that reading is sustained by the occurrence of *beauty* in the second line after.

P. 150. *You will set cock a-whoop! you'll be the man!*—The old copies have “set cocke a *hoope*.” Modern editions print “cock-a-whoop,” but fail to give any intelligible and fitting explanation of its meaning. Probably *hoop* is but an instance of phonographic spelling for *whoop*. White suggested the change. See foot-note 8.

P. 151.

But this intrusion shall

Now-seeming sweet convert to bitterest gall.—So the quarto of 1599. The other old copies have *bitter* instead of *bitterest*. I here adopt the reading proposed by Lettsom, taking *sweet* as a substantive, and *convert* as a transitive verb. So that the meaning is, “this intrusion shall convert *what now seems* sweet to bitterest gall.” The passage is commonly printed “this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.”

P. 151. *If I profane with my unworthing hand*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this, &c.—The old copies have *sinne* and *sin* instead of *fine*. Corrected by Warburton.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 154. *Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!*—Mr. P. A. Daniel says, “Read ‘Romeo! *humorous* madman! *passionate* lover!’” Possibly so; but it rather strikes me that, to say the least, there is not need enough of the change to warrant it.

P. 154. *Young abram Cupid, he that shot so trim,*

When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid!—The old copies have “Young *Abraham* Cupid.” But in *Coriolanus*, ii. 3, we have the form *Abram*; and both are apparently used in the same sense. As Cupid’s archery is specially remarked in the text, Upton was confident we ought to read “Young *Adam* Cupid”; taking it as an allusion to *Adam Bell*, because “this *Adam* was a most notable *archer*, and his skill became a proverb.” Accordingly most editors since have printed “*Adam* Cupid,” Dyce, amongst others, in his last edition, though in his first he substituted “*auburn* Cupid,” which White adopts. But I have no doubt that *abram*, or *abraham*, is the right word, notwithstanding the strong comments that have been penned against it. See foot-note 3. I must add that the Poet evidently had in mind the old ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*:

The blinded boy *that shootes so trim*
 From heaven down did hie,
 He drew a dart, and shot at him
 In place where he did lye.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 157. *Her vestal livery is but pale and green,*
And none but Fools do wear it. — So the first quarto. The other
 old copies have *sicke* instead of *pale*. See foot-note 2.

P. 157. *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head, &c. — Theobald
 reads "to this *sight*"; perhaps rightly; at least the context rather
 favours that reading: yet, if the Poet had intended it so, it seems most
 likely that he would have written "to *my sight*." Singer follows
 Theobald.

P. 158. *When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds.* — So the first
 quarto. The later editions have "lazier *puffing* clouds." Collier's sec-
 ond folio substitutes *passing* for *puffing*.

P. 158. *What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,*
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose, &c. — Here the
 editors are in a manner forced to give a composite text, as no one of
 the old copies has it complete. Instead of the four lines, the first
 quarto has three, thus:

Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,
 Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
 Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose, &c.

The other old copies have a strange piece of confusion. I quote from
 the first folio:

What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
 Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
 Belonging to a man.
 What? in a names that which we call a Rose, &c.

P. 161. *Do not swear at all;*
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry, &c. — So all the old copies

but the first quarto, which has "thy *glorious* selfe." The latter reading may well be preferred, as being nearer to Juliet's mood of mind. I dare not decide the point, and must leave it to the Juliets of our time, if there be any such foolish girls, to say which is the fitter epithet of the two.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 165. *Two such opposèd kings encamp them still*

In man as well as herbs, — Grace and rude Will. — Instead of *kings*, the first quarto has *foes*, which may well be thought the better reading. So in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

Peace hath three *foes encamped* in our breasts,
Ambition, wrath, and envie.

P. 165. *But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain*

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign. — Collier's second folio substitutes *unbusied* for *unbruised*. Perhaps rightly.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 167. *Why, where the Devil should this Romeo be?*

Came he not home to-night? — All the old copies, except the first quarto, are without *Why* at the beginning of this speech.

P. 169. *These pardonnez-mois, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bons, their bons!* — The old copies print *pardonnez-mois* variously, *pardonmees*, *pardons mees*, and *pardonamees*. They also have *bones, bones* instead of *bons, bons*. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 174. *Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-fills; I am none of his skains-mates.* — Walker thinks we ought to read "scurvy mates," on the ground that *skuruie*, as it was sometimes written, might easily get misprinted *skain*. But Staunton apparently justifies the old reading: "The word *skain*, I am told by a Kentish man, was formerly a familiar term in parts of Kent to express what we now call a *scape-grace* or *ne'er-do-well*; just the sort of person the worthy Nurse would entertain a horror of being considered a companion to. Even at this day, my informant says, *skain* is often heard in the Isle of Thanet, and about the adjacent coast, in the sense of a reckless, dare-devil sort of fellow."

P. 174. *Truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.* — Collier's second folio has "very wicked dealing." A plausible change; but it is dangerous to meddle with the Nurse's language. Her idiom is a law unto itself.

P. 175. *Bid her devise some means to come to shrift*

This afternoon at Friar Laurence' cell;

And there she shall be shrived and married. Here

Is for thy pains. — The old copies have the latter part of the second line misplaced thus: "And there she shall *at Friar Lawrence Cell* Be shriv'd and married." This is clearly wrong, as it leaves *there* without any thing to refer to. From this circumstance Dyce not unnaturally concludes the speech to be mutilated. It seems to me that the transposition I have made fairly cuts off the theory of mutilation. Nor is the change a violent one.

P. 175. *I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions omit *I*.

P. 176. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? no; I know it begins with some other letter: &c.* — The old copies read "R. is for *the* no, I know," &c. I adopt Warburton's reading, which appears to me the simplest way of rectifying the passage. Tyrwhitt gave it thus: "R is for the *dog*: no; I know," &c.; and his reading is adopted by Staunton and Dyce. See foot-note 33.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 176. *But old folks move, i'faith, as they were dead;*

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and dull as lead. — In the first of these lines, the old copies read "old folkes, *many faine* as they were dead." This comes pretty near being nonsense, and divers corrections have been made or proposed; such as, "old folks, *marry, feign* as they were dead," by Johnson; and "old folks, *marry, fare* as they were dead," by White, who takes *fare* in the sense of *go*. The reading in the text was proposed by Dyce, who suggests that "*moue y faith*" may have been corrupted into *many faine*. That there is some corruption, who can doubt? It scarce need be said that *move, i'faith* accords well with the speaker's state of mind; better, I think, than either of the other

readings quoted. — In the second line, also, the old copies have *pale* instead of *dull*, which is from Collier's second folio. What should *pale* have to do there ?

ACT II., SCENE 6.

P. 179. *Here comes the lady : O,*

So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower !

Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power ! — Instead of this couplet, the old editions, all but the first quarto, have "so light a foot *Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.*" This forced anti-hyperbole is so inferior to the fine hyperbole of the first quarto, that I cannot choose but adopt the latter. Perhaps it were better to omit the last line ; but the couplet is so good in itself, that I think the whole should be retained.

P. 179. *A lover may bestride the gossamer.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have *Gossamours*.

P. 180. *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.* — The old text reads "I cannot sum up *sum of halfe my wealth.*" The folio has *some* instead of the second *sum*. Corrected by Capell.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 182. *Either withdraw unto some private place,*

And reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart. — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old copies have "*Or reason.*" The mistake was doubtless caused by *Or* in the next line.

P. 184. *A plague o' both your Houses ! I am sped : &c.* — So Dyce. The old text has "both *the Houses*" here ; but "*both your Houses*" twice afterwards. One of the quartos reads "*A poxe of your Houses.*"

P. 185. *My reputation's stain'd*

With Tybalt's slander. — The old text has "*reputation stain'd.*" The correction is Walker's.

P. 186. *Tybalt, my cousin ! O my brother's child ! —*

O Prince ! — O husband ! — O, the blood is spilt

Of my dear kinsman ! — In the second of these lines, the old copies read "O Prince, O *Cozen*, husband, O the bloud is spild." Of course *Cozen* strayed in from the line above.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 188. *Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,*

Towards Phæbus' lodging. — So all the old editions except the first, which has *mansion* instead of *lodging*. The latter accords better with the sense of what was added to the speech in the second edition.

P. 188. *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,*

That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo

Leap to these arms untalk'd-of and unseen. — This passage has been more worried with comment and controversy than any other in Shakespeare. Nearly all the editors have quarrelled with *runaway's*; yet it seems that no two of them can agree upon a substitute for it. Changes have been made, or proposed, too numerous to be mentioned here. I must be content with referring to the thorough and scholarly digest of the matter by Mr. H. H. Furness in his *Variorum* edition of the play. Heath thought *rumour's* to be the right word; and this seems to me the best of all the substitutes offered. We have no less than three proposed by Dyce, who at last prints *rude day's*; which appears to me not at all happy. But I am thoroughly satisfied that the old text is right. The use of *wink* for *sleep* is very common; Shakespeare uses "perpetual *wink*" for the *sleep* of death. And we have a like use of *runaway* in the *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 5, where the nocturnal elopement of Jessica takes place; Lorenzo urging her to hasten, because "the close night doth play the *runaway*." The difference of the two cases is that Lorenzo *fears* the night will run away too fast for his purpose, while Juliet is impatient to have the day pass off quickly; but this does not touch either the sense or aptness of the image. I take the use of *runaway* in the text to be merely a rather bold prolepsis. But the Poet has many like instances of proleptical language. There are no less than four such in *Macbeth*. So in i. 5: "The raven himself is *hoarse that croaks* the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements;" that is, the raven *has made himself hoarse with croaking*, or has croaked so loud and long as to become hoarse over the fatal, &c. Again, in i. 6: "The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses;" which means that the air, by its purity and sweetness, attempts our senses to its own state, and so *makes* them gentle, or sweetens them into gentleness. Also in iii. 4: "Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;" where the meaning is, ere humane statute made the commonwealth gentle by purging and

cleansing it from the wrongs and pollutions of barbarism. And in v. 4: "Let our just censures attend the true event;" which means, let our judgments wait for the actual result, the issue of the contest, *in order that they may be just*. For other like instances of prolepsis, see vol. xi. page 262, note 1; especially the one there quoted from Spenser. Dr. C. M. Ingleby, however, takes the original *runaways* as being the possessive plural, *runaways'* not *runaway's*, and as meaning *vagabonds* or *runagates*; persons "who haunt the streets towards dusk for dishonest purposes," and "who, but for darkness, might spy out the approach of the lover, and betray the secret to parties interested in the frustration of his design." But surely the word so applied is not general enough; in that case there needs a word that would include all the people of Verona, or at least all who are liable to be in the streets after dark, and not merely the vagabond or runagate portion of them. Or, if we take *runaways* to mean *spies*, as I see Mr. Crosby does, still, perhaps, we shall come off no better. For spies are just the persons of all others whose eyes would be least likely to *wink* on the coming of darkness; in fact, we should then have Juliet longing for the very time when "runaways' eyes" would be most open and vigilant. Surely spies do not commonly go to sleep when the best hours for espionage are upon them. On the other hand, if we take *runaway* as referring to day, then it does in effect include all the people of Verona; since *time*, or a word signifying time, may be, and often is, put for the *contents* of time; as when Lady Macbeth says to her husband, "To beguile the time, look like the time." See foot-note 1.

P. 189. *Till strange love, grown bold,*

Think true love acted simple modesty. — The old copies have *grow* instead of *grown*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 189. *For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night*

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. — So the second folio. The undated quarto reads "Whiter than snow *upon* the raven's back"; the other old editions, "than new snow *upon*," &c.

P. 192. Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb! — In the first of these lines, Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests "*Pitiful* tyrant," and remarks that "Thackeray, in *Vanity Fair*, makes a country serving-girl pronounce *beautiful bitiful*." — In the second line, the old copies have

"*Ravenous dovefeathered raven.*" A curious instance of the author's mistake and correction being both printed together. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 192. *All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.* — A most unmetrical line, where, apparently, such a line ought not to be. The metre might be mended thus: "All naught, forsworn, dissemblers all." But this reduces it to four feet. As it is, *dissemblers* was probably meant to be four syllables.

P. 193. *But with a rear-word following Tybalt's death.* — The old copies have *ward* instead of *word*, which is Collier's conjecture, and is right, surely.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 195. *Hence-banishéd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe.* — In the second and third of these lines, the old copies, except the first, have *banished* instead of *banishment*. In the third line, the quarto of 1597 has "calling death *banishment*," which is clearly right; and the same word is as clearly required in both places.

P. 195. *And steal immortal blessings from her lips.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have *blessing* instead of *blessings*.

P. 196. But Romeo may not, he is banishéd.
*This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, &c.* — In the old copies, the first of these lines is placed after the third, thus:

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, he is banished.

The second and later quartos also repeat, with slight variation, the second line, and then add still another, between the third and fourth, thus:

*Flies may do this, but I from this must fie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poýson mixt, &c.*

P. 196. *Thou fond mad man, hear me* a little speak. — So the quartos, except the first, which reads “hear me *but speak a word.*” Here *word* is not so good, because it occurs in the line before, and also closes the second line after. The folio has only “hear me speak.”

P. 197. Fri. L. *O woeful sympathy!*

Piteous predicament! — The old copies make this a part of the Nurse’s speech. Farmer proposed giving it to Friar Laurence, and his proposal has been generally, and doubtless rightly, adopted.

P. 199. *Thou pout’st upon thy fortune and thy love.* — So the quarto of 1637. The first quarto reads “Thou *frownst* upon thy *Fate that smiles on thee.*” The quartos of 1599 and 1609 have “Thou *puts up* thy Fortune,” &c.; the undated quarto, “Thou *powts* upon thy Fortune,” &c.; the folio, “Thou *puttest up* thy Fortune,” &c.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 203. *’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s bow.* — So both Collier’s and Singer’s second folios. The old text has *brow* instead of *bow*. To speak of the crescent Moon as Diana’s *bow*, is classical; as Diana’s *brow*, is not so. Moreover, the context apparently supposes the Moon to be in the East, and far gone in her last quarter, when only a rim of her disc is visible; in which case the word *brow*, as a part put for the whole face, is not properly applicable to her. See foot-note 5.

P. 203. *Some say the lurk and loathèd toad changed eyes.* — The old copies have *change* instead of *changed*. The correction is Rowe’s.

P. 204. *Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!* — So the first quarto. The other old copies read “Art thou gone so, *Love, Lord, ay husband, friend.*” A very inferior reading, surely.

P. 205. *So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.* — So Theobald. The old editions omit *do*, which is necessary to the metre.

P. 206. *To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions lack *Tybalt*.

P. 206. *Anæ joy comes well in such a needful time.*— So the first quarto. Instead of *needful*, the other old copies have *needy*, which does not give so fitting a sense.

P. 207. L. Cap. *These are news indeed!*

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself, &c.— So Collier's second folio. In the old text, "These are news indeed!" is printed as a part of Juliet's preceding speech. The words seem quite out of place there, as they ought, evidently, to go along with "tell him so yourself."

P. 207. *When the Sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew.*— So the undated quarto. The other old copies have *earth* instead of *air*.

P. 208. *How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?*

Proud, *and yet* not proud, *and*, I thank you not;

And yet I thank you. *Mistress minion, you, &c.*— So Lettson. The old text has the last two of these lines badly confused, thus:

Proud, and I thanke you : and I thanke you not;
And yet not proud :

Here Lettson observes, "A transposition has taken place, and one *yet* fallen out." Printers might well stumble in a passage of this sort.

P. 208. *But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next.*— So the first folio and all the quartos. The second and later folios have *settle* instead of *fettle*. See foot-note 18.

P. 209. *Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd*

That God had sent us but this only child.— So the first quarto. The other old copies have *lent* instead of *sent*.

P. 209. Nurse. *May not one speak?*

Cap. *Peace, peace, you mumbling fool!*—

The old copies lack the second *peace*. Inserted by Theobald.

P. 209. *God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,*

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been

To have her match'd.— Such is the composite reading arranged by Pope, and given in some of the best modern editions. Taking both sense and metre duly into the account, I do not see how the passage can be made any better. The first quarto gives it thus:

Gods blessed mother ^{wife} it mads me,
 Day, night, *early, late*, at home, abroad,
 Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
 Still my care hath bene to *see* her matcht.

In the other old editions, the passage stands as follows :

Gods bread, it makes me mad.
 Day, night, *houre, tide, time, worke, play*,
 Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
 To have her matcht.

P. 211. *Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,*
As living hence, and you no use of him. — So Hanmer. The
 old copies have *here* instead of *hence*. In the third scene of this Act,
 in the line, “*Hence* from Verona art thou banishéd,” the second and
 third quartos, and also the folio, have “*Here* in Verona.” See, also,
 the note on “We never valued this poor seat of England,” &c., vol. xii.
 page 136, where we have an instance of the converse misprint.

P. 212. *Ancient damnation! O most cursèd fiend!* — So the first
 quarto. The other old copies have “*wicked' fiend.*” “Almost as flat,”
 says Walker, “as ‘*deadly murder,*’ *King Henry V.*, iii. 2,” which is
 Capell’s reading instead of “*heady murder.*”

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 212. *My father Capulet will have it so;*
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste. — There may be some
 corruption here, as the words express just the reverse of the speaker’s
 meaning; and Johnson thought the true reading might be “*back his*
haste.” But the text is probably right. See foot-note 1.

P. 215. *From off the battlements of yonder tower.* — So the first
 quarto. The other old copies have “the battlements of *any* tower.”
 The reasons for preferring *yonder* are obvious enough.

P. 216. *In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,*
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Caputets lie. — Here the old text
 has the following :

In thy best Robes uncover'd on the Beere,
 Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave :
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault, &c.

The right explanation of this probably is, that the Poet first wrote the second of these lines, and then substituted the third; and that both lines were printed together.

P. 217. *Give me, O, give me! tell not me of fear.* — The old copies read “Give me, give me, O tell,” &c. Corrected by Pope.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 219. *Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up.* — The old copies read “deck up her.” A few lines after, we have “prepare *him up*,” and, in the next scene but one, “trim *her up*.” Lettson asks, “Should not the preposition come last in all these cases, the pronoun not being emphatic?”

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 220. *Must I of force be married to the county?* — So the first quarto. The other old copies read “*Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?*” Surely the other is much the better reading.

P. 221. *O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,* &c. — So the undated quarto. The other old copies have *walke*; doubtless a misprint for *wake*.

P. 221. *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.* — So the first quarto. The later editions read “*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drink to thee.*” The words *heeres drinke* were no doubt intended as a stage-direction, but got printed as part of the text; a thing that often happened.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 222. L. Cap. *Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.* — The old copies assign this speech to the Nurse. I concur with Walker and Singer in transferring it to Lady Capulet. Can there be any doubt about it? Is it likely that a nurse would use such freedom with her master as to call him a cot-quean, and order him off to bed? Besides, the Nurse has just been sent forth by her mistress to “fetch more spices.” — The second *go* was inserted by Theobald.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 225. *O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy bride: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, defloweréd by him.* — The words *bride* and *see* are from the first quarto, which gives the passage thus:

Hath Death laine with thy *bride*, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, *see*, where she lyes.

P. 226. *Dead art thou, dead! — alack, my child is dead; &c.* — So Theobald. The second *dead* is wanting in the old copies.

P. 226. *Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lies not
In these confusions.* — The old copies read “*confusions care lives not.*” Theobald corrected *care* to *cure*; the correction of *lives* to *lies* is Lettsom's. We have repeated instances of *live* and *lie* confounded.

P. 226. *For though fond nature bids us all lament, &c.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions have *some* instead of *fond*.

P. 228. Pet. *Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.* — Some of the old copies make the first of these clauses a part of the preceding speech, and all of them have “with *an* iron wit,” instead of “with *my* iron wit.” The latter reading is from Collier's second folio.

P. 229. *Because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding.* — So the first quarto. The other old copies read “Because *Musitions* have *no* gold for sounding.”

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 229. *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.* — So the first quarto. The later editions have “flattering *truth* of sleepe.” It is rather curious to note what changes have been made in order to avoid *eye*: Warburton substitutes *ruth* for *truth*; White, *sooth*; Collier's second folio, *death*; — surely none of them so good, either for sense or

poetry, as *eye*. Otway, in his *Caius Marius*, which is partly taken from this play, reads "the *flattery* of sleep," and Pope adopted that reading; a much better one, I think, than either of the others quoted above. Singer proposes "the flattering *soother*, sleep."

P. 232. *Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes*. — So Rowe. The corresponding passage in the first quarto reads thus: "And *starved* famine dwelleth in thy cheekes." The other old copies have *starveth* instead of *stareth*. Pope reads "Need and oppression *stare within* thine eyes." Otway copied the line in his *Caius Marius*, merely changing *starveth* to *stareth*. Ritson thinks, as he well may, that "'Need and oppression' cannot properly be said to *starve* in his eyes."

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 234. *Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along*. — The first quarto has "Under *this Ew-tree*"; the other old copies, "Under yond *young* trees." So that here there is no escaping a composite reading.

P. 234. *I am almost afraid to stay alone*
Here in the church-yard. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *stand* instead of *stay*.

P. 236. *I do defy thy conjurations,*
And apprehend thee for a felon here. — So the first quarto. Instead of *conjurations*, the second quarto has *commiration*, which in the later editions is changed to *commiseration*. Of course *conjurations* means *earnest requests* or *entreaties*, the usual sense of the verb to *conjure*.

P. 237. *Dead, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd*. — The old copies read "Death lie thou there." As Romeo is apostrophizing the dead Paris, he surely cannot mean to call him *Death*. The latter word occurs twice in the next three lines; hence, perhaps, the error. The happy correction is Lettsom's.

P. 237. *Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe*
That unsubstantial Death is amorous; &c. — Here we have, probably, another instance of the first writing and the subsequent correction both printed together, in the old copies, thus:

Why art thou yet so faire? *I will believe,*
Shall I believe, that unsubstantiall death is amorous; &c.

P. 238. *And never from this palace of dim night*

Depart again : here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; &c.—So the undated quarto. The first quarto has the matter in a very different shape. The quartos of 1599 and 1609 make a strange botching of it, thus :

And never from this pallat of dym night
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chambermaides: &c.

With this agrees the text of the folio, except that, in the first line, it has *Pallace* instead of *pallat*, and, in the second, *armes* instead of *arme*. I must add that all three repeat the fourth and fifth lines a little further on, where the present text has them.

P. 238. *Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on*

The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark.—So Pope. The old copies have *thy* instead of *my*. As Romeo is apostrophizing the drug, *thy* cannot be right. Walker says, "*My* surely."

P. 239. *As I did sleep under this yew-tree here.*—The old copies have *yong tree* and *young tree*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 240. *O churl ! drink all, and leave no friendly drop*

To help me after ?—So the quartos 1609 and undated, and the folio, except that they have *left* instead of *leave*. The first quarto has "*drinke all, and leave no drop for me.*" The second has *drunke* instead of *drink*.

P. 240. *This is thy sheath ; [Stabs herself.] there rest, and let me die.*—The word *rest* is from the first quarto ; the other old copies having *rust*. Collier's second folio also has *rest* instead of *rust*. Surely, as Dyce says, "at such a moment, the thoughts of Juliet were not likely to wander away to the *future rusting* of the dagger."

P. 241. *What fear is this which startles in our ears ?*—So Johnson. The old copies have *your* instead of *our*.

P. 242. *Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :*

What further woe conspires against my age?—Here the first quarto has a line that ought, perhaps, to be inserted between these two, —“And young Benvolio is deceased too.” This would account for Benvolio's absence from the present scene.

P. 242. *Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while.*—“Seal up the mouth of *outrage*” sounds harsh, almost un-English indeed, and some would change it to *outcry*. But *outcry* is hardly strong enough for the occasion; and the radical meaning of *outrage*, as expressed in the verb, is to *rage excessively*, whether by speech or otherwise. And the Poet's use of *outrage* in other places shows it to be the right word here, *probably*. Thus in *1 King Henry VI.*, iv. 1, when Vernon and Basset are urging their quarrel before the King, and rasping each other with abusive terms, Gloster exclaims: “Are you not ashamed with this immodest clamorous *outrage* to trouble and disturb the King and us?” So too in *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 7: “I never heard a passion so confused, so strange-*outrageous*, and so variable.” And Dyce aptly quotes from Settle's *Female Prelate*, 1680: “*Silence his outrage* in a jayl, away with him!”

P. 245. *A gloomy peace this morning brings.*—So the first quarto. The other old editions have *glooming* instead of *gloomy*.

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